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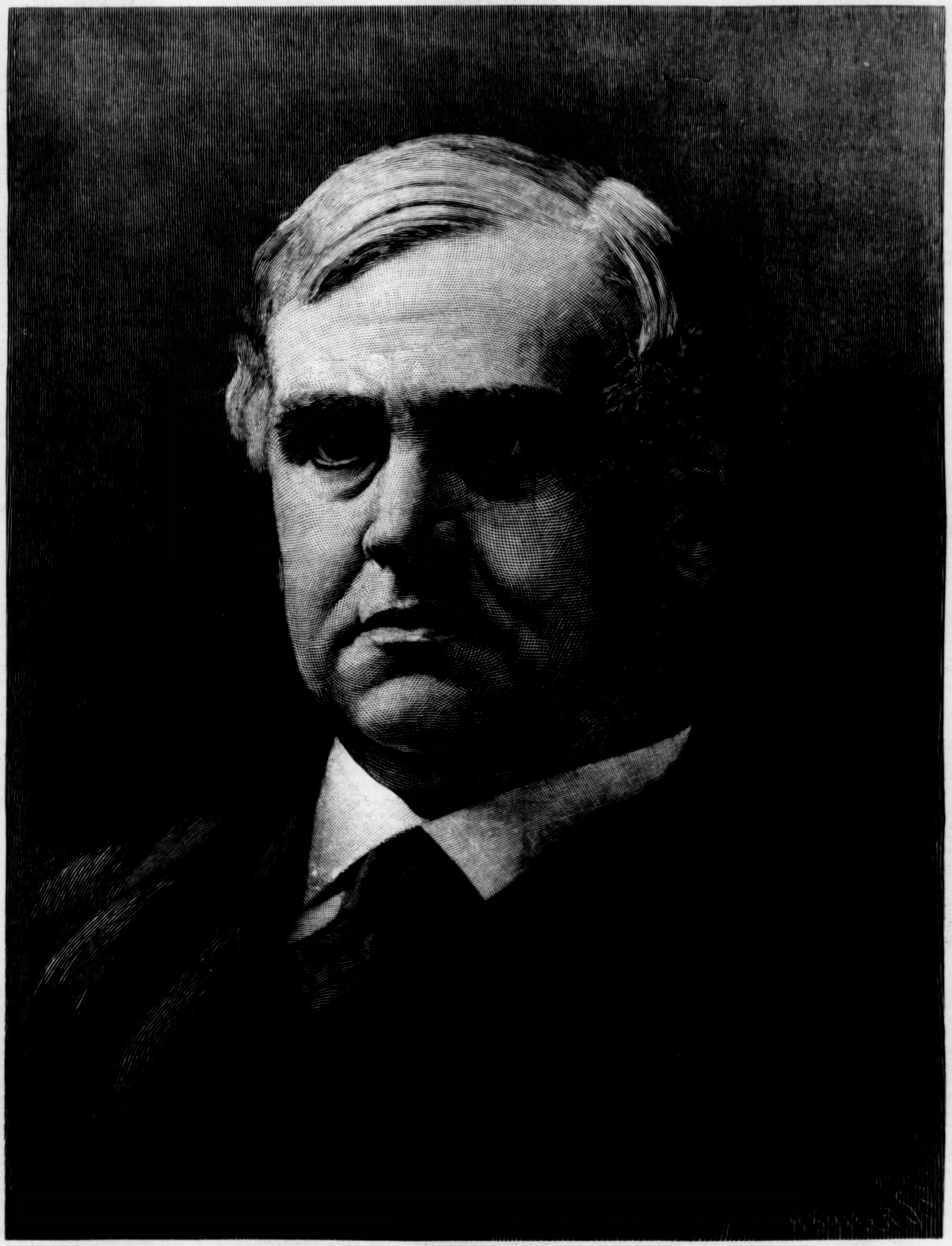

THE REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D., BISHOP-ELECT OF MASSACHUSETTS.—[SEE PAGE 350.]

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No. 1794.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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THE NEW REPUBLICAN LEADER.

MR. CLARKSON, whose election as President of the League of Republican Clubs makes him an official Republican leader, is one of the most vigorous and effective opponents of civil service reform, and in the current number of the *North American Review* he assails it with all the familiar spoils cries, and with a remarkable misstatement of the facts of our early history. The cultivation of party spirit which Mr. CLARKSON recommends had never a more unsparing opponent than WASHINGTON, and even JEFFERSON did not advocate a clean sweep, but favored an "equilibrium" in the civil service. The newly elected Republican leader, however, does not shrink from advising Republican renunciation of reform:

> "In any event, the Republican party cannot continue to give half Mugwump and half Republican. It must be fair to itself and to its people in 1892 if it cares for its life, and must declare plainly and boldly for one thing or the other—for the full acceptance of the Mugwump theory, and a resolute adherence to it when in power, and no pretence of Republican preference, or for an open and fearless Republican theory and practice."

Should that sturdy Republican Mr. QUAY resign the chairmanship of the National Committee, Mr. CLARKSON would undoubtedly succeed him, and we should all know exactly his views and purposes regarding civil service reform.

But Mr. CLARKSON'S remark in Boston, that the exodus of young men from the Republican party should be checked by a campaign of newspaper education, argued forgetfulness of the fact that the more the public mind is instructed, the stronger is the demand for civil service reform. It is emphatically public intelligence which demands reform, and it is opposed by the most mercenary and ignorant class of politicians and partisans. Mr. CLARKSON'S remark, by calling for education, implies further that the Republican party has ceased to be distinctively the party of conviction and intelligence. Nowhere has its decline been so marked as in Massachusetts, the State which for so long a time in its high character and general well-being was the pride and illustration of Republicanism. It has evidently escaped Mr. CLARKSON'S observation that it is the educated intelligence, not the ignorance, of young Massachusetts Republicans which has withdrawn them from their former party associations. He says that the present Democratic leaders in that State are men who were bred Republicans. He is right. But does he think that they were especially ignorant and dull Republicans, who might have been saved to the party if the party press had done its duty in educating them? On the contrary, it is they who have been first the thinkers and then the educators. These young Republicans have done precisely what Mr. CLARKSON advises the party press to do, and what it has been doing. But the young men have been dissatisfied with the teachings of the press and platform, and have themselves become teachers, with very striking results. Mr. CLARKSON does the Republican press injustice. Formerly it spoke with overwhelming power, because it advocated justice and equal rights. Its appeal was a moral appeal, and the convictions and instincts of youth responded. But when it argues a question of political economy, and seeks to explain the extraordinary development and prosperity of the country by a system of practical privilege, it is met at once not by the assent, but by the challenge, of the same youthful conviction, education, and instinct.

The explanation of the political change in Massachusetts is not that the Republican press has not done its duty, but that the young men who were Republicans have done theirs. Mr. CLARKSON, if we remember correctly, has said something of the same kind before. He thinks that the Democratic papers have stolen a march upon their Republican brethren. But that is not the explanation of the situation. Neither the Democratic party nor the Democratic press can claim precedence in intelligence or ability of the Republican. But upon the question of extreme protection they have the better side. The present Republican view of the last election is that the party of high protection—which shouted with glee over President CLEVELAND'S message as assuring Republican success; which argued the question on the stump and carried the election; then argued it in detail for ten months in Congress; then passed the tariff which it declared that an intelligent country ordered it to pass—was suddenly appalled by its own work, abstained from supporting it at the polls, and suffered the enemies of high protection to achieve the greatest popular victory on record. When asked to explain this extraordinary action, their reply is that the tariff was not understood, and that the country was the victim of Democratic lying. But could there be a greater insult to Republican intelligence than the assertion that after the campaign of '88 and the debates in Congress, and on the stump again last year, Republicans did not understand the chief principle and policy of their party? And as for the lying, did Republicans believe Democratic lies more than what they hold to be Republican truths? and if so, why? Mr. CLARKSON will find that the trouble is not in the inability or the lying of the press; it is in the intelligence of the people.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

THOSE who are disposed to class oratory among the lost arts must reconsider that conclusion in view of the President's tour. He has been travelling across the continent to the Pacific, and every day he has made two or three clever speeches, good-natured, varied, full of tact, and expressing his views courteously, and the whole country reads in surprise, and a great many worthy people say that here is a great man who has been somehow concealed under a visionary hat, but who will be henceforth estimated at his true value, and undoubtedly renominated and reelected to the Presidency by the acclamation of his party. If oratory can so radically change the general impression in regard to the President, it is certainly not a lost art. On the contrary, it seems to confirm the wisdom of the saying that in a country of parliamentary government successful statesmen must be great orators. It is, however, true that none of the Presidents except LINCOLN have been especially distinguished as orators, while two of the greatest American orators, WEBSTER and CLAY, sought the prize in vain. President HARRISON'S grandfather was preferred as a candidate to HENRY CLAY.

The question of the succession to President HARRISON, however, will be decided by other considerations than the cleverness of his travelling speeches, although the delight in them of his political supporters discloses amusingly the estimation in which he has been held. It is not recalled that in the Senate or during his political career in Indiana he was especially noted as an orator, but certainly for the purposes of his present journey his felicity as a speaker will not be denied. The two great series of continuous speeches in our political history were those of LINCOLN in his debate with DOUGLAS, and those of SEWARD in his Western campaign after the nomination of Mr. LINCOLN in 1860. They were not brief and happy addresses in reply to welcoming Governors and committees; they were thoughtful discourses, of extraordinary variety, comprehension, vigor, and eloquence, great pleas for a great principle and policy. President HARRISON also has spoken to some purpose. He has aroused a personal interest which was not felt before, and he has set an example which other speakers may wisely follow. This example, as we said last week, is in the tone of his speeches. In a country which insists that parties which spring from differences of opinion are the safeguards of the republic, the fact of difference need not be assumed as the proof of rascality and treason. If one party were always right and the other always wrong, it would follow not that difference of opinion is the safeguard of the republic, but that the safety of the republic depends upon the continued dominance of one party. The other must be held to be hostile to the national welfare—a supposition which would be fatal to the American principle, unless it were shown that the people always supported one party against a constantly threatening host of public enemies.

The President in his recent speeches has taken the tone which ought to characterize political debate in a republic. To assume that a political opponent, because he prefers another method, is not equally a patriot and equally bent upon promoting the public welfare is to adopt revolutionary politics. The President instinctively perceives the absurdity of such an assumption on the part of the Chief Magistrate, and speaks, therefore, not as a partisan, but as a man and a citizen. Moreover, he has probably found reason to review some political impressions. Even the conditions of such a rapid trip have not hidden from him the fact that the people of the Southern States are not rebel brigadiers sullenly waiting to leap into the saddle and ride over the Constitution and the laws, but citizens confronted with difficult local problems different from those which exist in Indiana. Probably he does not suppose that all traditions and former feelings have disappeared in those States, but he can hardly believe that they now determine the political action of that part of the country. The President's tour will be of great service to him as well as to the country if the tone of his speeches should be carried into the action of his party.

PROBABLE DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

THE breach in the Irish party seems likely to produce very important consequences. PARNELL, like all leaders who love themselves more than their cause, will probably be seen to have postponed indefinitely home-rule at the same time that he has forfeited all respect and honor. He is a more vigorous and sagacious person than any of his opponents, and he gives to his own fortunes a definite impression of purpose which his opponents are unable to give to the cause of Ireland. This is largely due to his absolutely selfish devotion to his own triumph from the moment of the breach, while his opponents have lost immensely by their inability to understand his utter desperation, and by their foolish unwillingness to break with a leader who had betrayed the cause. Their only course from the first was an aggressive assertion of their own leadership, without the praises of PARNELL, which implied half-heartedness and doubt. This, however, is all of the past. The Irish cause is much more hopeless than it has been for many years, and the government of Lord SALISBURY is apparently about to take advantage of the situation to dissolve Parliament and to appeal to the country.

In that event the Tories would rely upon the national fatigue with the long Irish controversy, upon the alleged demonstration furnished by the PARNELL rupture that the Irish not only do not know what they want, but that the whole Irish question is a personal scheme of selfish demagogues, of whom PARNELL is chief; that Ireland is well governed by Mr. BALFOUR, and at much less cost than Mr. GLADSTONE himself proposed; that England suffers by the endless Irish obstruction, which is now mainly theoretical; and they would rely also upon the fact that Mr. GLADSTONE is now an old man, who could not be expected to survive the term of the Parliament, and that he would really leave no successor. In the actual situation these would be strong arguments with English constituencies, especially if the government could go to the country with a good cry which would catch the votes of dissenters. This seems to be provided in the issue which the speech of Mr. GOSCHEN foreshadows—the issue of free education. He proposes to devote a surplus to the maintenance of schools under certain conditions. There would be undoubtedly some Tory opposition of opinion to such a scheme, but not an opposition of votes.

The firmest ground of Tory hope, however, is fatigue with the Irish controversy and the thorough contempt into which PARNELL has fallen. It is undoubtedly he who has represented Ireland to English sentiment, and the alliance between him and Mr. GLADSTONE has been the strength of the cause. PARNELL'S triumph in the *Times* suit was also of the utmost value, for the result seemed to disprove all personal charges against him and to leave him a pure patriot. His sudden downfall has naturally somewhat injured the prestige of Mr. GLADSTONE, while the Tory press and orators have made skilful use of the situation, especially in representing the opposition to PARNELL as a Roman Catholic movement to control Irish politics. This is an ingenious appeal to the prejudices of the English dissenting vote, and it cannot be denied that the Tory management of the PARNELL incident has been exceedingly clever. But a Tory triumph at the election would mean only a postponement, not a settlement, of the Irish question.

It is one of the questions which have no respect for the repose of nations, and it has disturbed England long enough to show that it will not rest until it is settled in accordance with Irish conviction.

GRANT'S BIRTHDAY.

THE birthday of General GRANT was signalized this year by the ceremony of breaking ground for the erection of the memorial at Riverside Park. The day was brilliant, the crowd was large, the *Yantic* in the river fired the salute, and General GRANT'S friend and military secretary, and his private secretary when President, General PORTER, delivered the oration. It was a eulogistic review of GRANT'S life and services and character, but it was just in its generosity, and it revealed a simple, manly, and memorable figure. Personally GRANT had not the "magnetism" of SHERMAN, and the public regard for him has little of the affection with which SHERMAN is remembered. But the one quality which is universally recognized in GRANT, and which upon this occasion was most strikingly emphasized both by General PORTER and JOHN S. WISE, of Virginia, an ex-Confederate soldier, was his magnanimity. Mr. WISE did not exaggerate the great influence of this quality of GRANT'S upon the present happy harmony of feeling in the country. General PORTER warmly described his generosity of nature and conduct as illustrated in GRANT'S relations with SHERMAN. There is, indeed, nothing finer than GRANT'S magnanimity in the story of American heroism.

It is, however, often forgotten in the general estimate of GRANT, which is somewhat affected by his Presidential career and by the unfortunate business relations of his last years. General PORTER praises his civil services, and undoubtedly his good sense was of great value to him in a sphere wholly new, in which he was compelled to rely largely upon others. It was most fortunate for General GRANT that his Secretary of State was Mr. FISH, whose character, experience, and temperament admirably fitted him for an intimate political counsellor. General PORTER does not forget that President GRANT was the first President to recommend civil service reform to the attention of Congress. His military training and his strong common-sense commended the simple principles of reform to his approval. But the party leaders whose influence with him was strongest were bitterly hostile to reform, and in throwing the responsibility upon Congress he virtually abandoned the contest. Nevertheless, he had given it a great opportunity, which its friends wisely improved, and the credit of the first effective effort fairly belongs to GRANT.

Undoubtedly the circumstances of his last illness and the simple charm of his own story of his life restored the true historic estimate of the man. The party spirit which his office and the party leaders who most impressed him had imposed upon him, but which was not native to him, disappeared at the end of his life in a serene and generous patriotism, which illustrated the true spirit of the statesmanship that could best deal with the situation produced by the war and by the causes of the war. No tributes paid to his memory are sincerer or stronger than those of the Confederate soldiers. They are proofs of the magnanimity to which we have alluded, and to that quality of patriotism upon which the country relied without a doubt when he was the commander of a vast and triumphant army. It is only natural that the birthday of such a man should be honored by his fellow-citizens, and that we should all feel that it was an extraordinary fortune for a country which WASHINGTON and HAMILTON and JAY and their associates organized as a nation to find in its hour of vital peril LINCOLN and GRANT and SHERMAN and their comrades ready for its succor. There is but one unpleasant thought connected with the breaking of the ground for the GRANT memorial. It is the fact that the money is not ready to pay for it. It would be a great misfortune if the story of the erection of the Bunker Hill Monument should be repeated in that of the GRANT memorial.

THE DEMOCRATIC RECORD IN NEW YORK.

ONE of the results of the general Democratic victory at the polls last autumn was the election of a Democratic Assembly in New York. But not the most sanguine Democrat can suppose that it has been an advantage for his party. The session has been devoted to a party game between the Democratic Governor and Assembly and the Republican Senate. The Democrats have placed the Governor in the Senate of the United States, they have defeated effective license legislation, and show how largely the liquor interest controls the party; they have aided the Republicans in weakening the ballot-reform law, and they have stopped legislation by baffling an investigation of canal management. This is the Democratic result of the session.

It would be hard for the sanguine Democrat to point out in what way the result of the Democratic victory in New York last year has heightened the desire of any intelligent and independent American to see a Democratic victory in the country next year. It is pretty clear that if it were believed that such a victory meant the extension to the country of the political spirit and conduct and consequences which have represented Democratic ascendency at Albany this year, it would not interest anybody beyond the Democratic party line.

Parties are called national, but they exist only in the States, and are estimated by their conduct in the States. In the State of New York, measured by the conduct of the Democratic Governor and Assembly, in what way are the objects achieved, the reforms attempted, or the general Democratic tone and purpose superior to those of the Republican party? If the general Democratic performance in Albany this winter should be transferred to Washington next winter, how would the prospects of Democratic success next year be increased? Parties are supported by intelligent men not for their professions, but their performances.

AN INTERESTING BOOK.

The Recollections of President Lincoln and his Administration, by L. E. Chittenden, his Register of the Treasury, just published by the HARPERS, is a volume of very great interest, which adds to the personal knowledge of the President, and gives a constant series of characteristic incidents of life in Washington during the war. Mr. CHITTENDEN'S official position and the personal regard evidently felt for him by Mr. LINCOLN have enabled him, with his gift of narrative, to produce an exceedingly vivid and graphic story.

He speaks slightingly, and, as we think, incorrectly, of the HERNDON biography, but his own work has the same reality. Without idealizing LINCOLN, and while depicting the sturdy and homely man just as he was, he conveys, like HERNDON, his own impression of the essential greatness of his hero. No man, indeed, ever suffered less from accuracy of detail in narration. LINCOLN had no self-consciousness in the ordinary sense. The situation and his own responsibility were too tremendous to allow anything spectacular in his conduct, even had there been any such disposition. The charm of the volume is the personal detail, for which the memoirs, which are necessarily historical, afford little opportunity.

Mr. CHITTENDEN had ample personal knowledge of official life and the civil service in Washington, and his brief but stringent remarks upon them are of great value. The awful suffering and personal ruin due to the spoils system of the service he knew well by observation. "No men," he says "better deserve the attention of philanthropists than the clerks in the government service, and his words outweigh the gibes of a thousand mere party politicians when he says, "It will be a fortunate day for the country when the civil service system is extended to all the government offices except the cabinet and those immediately connected with Congress."

INDIAN PRISONERS ON EXHIBITION.

MR. HERBERT WELSH has written a letter to the *Evening Post* in which he tells the story of the Sioux Indians, some of them actually prisoners of war, who have been intrusted by our government to "Buffalo Bill" for his show of the Wild West, in which they are now performing in Europe. The story is told by Miss MARY C. COLLINS, who is personally known to Mr. WELSH as a trustworthy and intelligent person, who has been for sixteen years a missionary among the Sioux, and who speaks the Indian language.

The simple narrative shows the shame and folly of this proceeding. "The government put itself into the position of assisting a private speculation, and gave Indians to an exhibition under the inducement that their alleged evil deeds would be forgotten, and justice would not reach them." It must be remembered that the government has undertaken the part of guardian to train the Indian to a mental and moral ability to secure independence of government control. This is the attitude of the government, and "Buffalo Bill" announces in a London newspaper his coming to Europe "with fifty of the worst Indians engaged in the Wounded Knee fight." Imagine some English BARNUM some years ago advertising his arrival in America with a show in which NENA Sahib and other Hindoos who had been captured in India after slaughtering Englishmen would appear by permission of the British government!

Miss COLLINS says that she pleaded with Secretary NOBLE, who saw no objection to the arrangement, and who said that Secretary BLAINE had asked that "Buffalo Bill" should be allowed to take the men. She went to the President, who said that he had no sympathy with such an exhibition, which was merely rewarding the evil-doers, but added that the prisoners were under the control of the War Department. She went to the War Department, and General GRANT said that the Secretary of the Interior had suggested the plan, and the War Department had merely acquiesced. But he promised to see the President, and if he would authorize it the order should be countermanded. But it was not countermanded. "Buffalo Bill," by permission of the government, has taken sixty-four Indians, of whom twenty-three were prisoners of war, who are advertised in foreign countries as desperate criminals. Mr. WELSH says that having appealed in vain to the highest official authorities, the friends of the Indians now appeal to the people. If, he says, they approve the transaction as one becoming to the government and tending to a just and satisfactory solution of the Indian problem, "we withdraw our plea."

VATICAN VIEWS OF THE AMERICAN PUBLIC SCHOOL.

A STATEMENT is published of the views of "a high ecclesiastical personage" in Rome who "is in an exceptional position at the Vatican"—a kind of anonymous personage in whose existence we have no faith—which professes to give the papal view of the school question in the United States. The view is asserted to be this, that there should be Catholic parochial schools in all parishes where there are means sufficient to make them equal to the public schools. If this is not practicable, schools should be established for teaching the Catholic catechism, or the State should be persuaded to permit the catechism to be taught out of school hours.

The State does permit it now. It offers no bar to the teaching of the Catholic catechism whenever and wherever it may be desired, except in the buildings and during the hours devoted by the State to non-sectarian school-teaching. In those buildings sectarian teaching of any kind is not and will not be permitted. But out of school hours and out of the school buildings, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Unitarians, Congregationalists, Hebrews, Buddhists, and religious bodies of every kind may teach their catechisms at pleasure.

The American system of the public school in this respect is not at all difficult to understand. It has nothing whatever to do with sectarian religious faith or practice. The Pedo-Baptist catechism and the Campbellite catechism and the Catholic catechism and the Hebraic catechism are all equally indifferent to it. The pupils are of all religious denominations. But the catechisms of the different denominations are taught in the denominational Sunday-schools or parochial schools, not in the public schools. Methodist tax-payers do not pay for instruction in Presbyterian or Catholic catechisms, nor Catholics for instruction in Methodist catechisms. It is not a difficult system; but it seems to be very difficult for the Vatican to comprehend it.

PERSONAL.

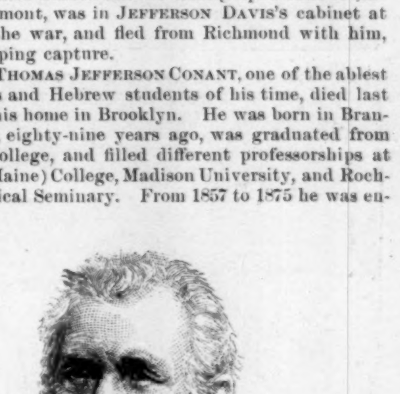
THE village of Proctor, Vermont, was named after the present Secretary of War, and was built up of men employed in his marble quarries and mills, and their families. It is a thriving place a few miles north of Rutland. The Secretary and his family spend much of their time there, when not in Washington, and in the seclusion of their pleasant home forget that the man of peace has temporarily allied himself with the arts of war. Secretary PROCTOR is now erecting a neat stone library in the village, and has entered into a co-operative arrangement with the villagers for filling the building with books.

—CARL SCHURZ, who, as the President of the Hamburg-American Packet Company, has made a study of the most improved methods of ocean travel, believes that steamers will yet be built to make the run across to Europe in three or four days. He thinks that safety need not be sacrificed to gain swiftness.

—ADOLPH SUTRO, the rich Californian who made his money by the great mining tunnel that bears his name, is to turn his fine collection of nearly 40,000 volumes into a free public library for the benefit of San Francisco people.

—Ex-Senator REAGAN, of Texas, whose resignation from the United States Senate follows closely upon that of EDMUNDS of Vermont, was in JEFFERSON DAVIS'S cabinet at the close of the war, and fled from Richmond with him, narrowly escaping capture.

—Rev. Dr. THOMAS JEFFERSON CONANT, one of the ablest Bible scholars and Hebrew students of his time, died last Thursday at his home in Brooklyn. He was born in Brandon, Vermont, eighty-nine years ago, was graduated from Middlebury College, and filled different professorships at Waterville (Maine) College, Madison University, and Rochester Theological Seminary. From 1857 to 1875 he was en-



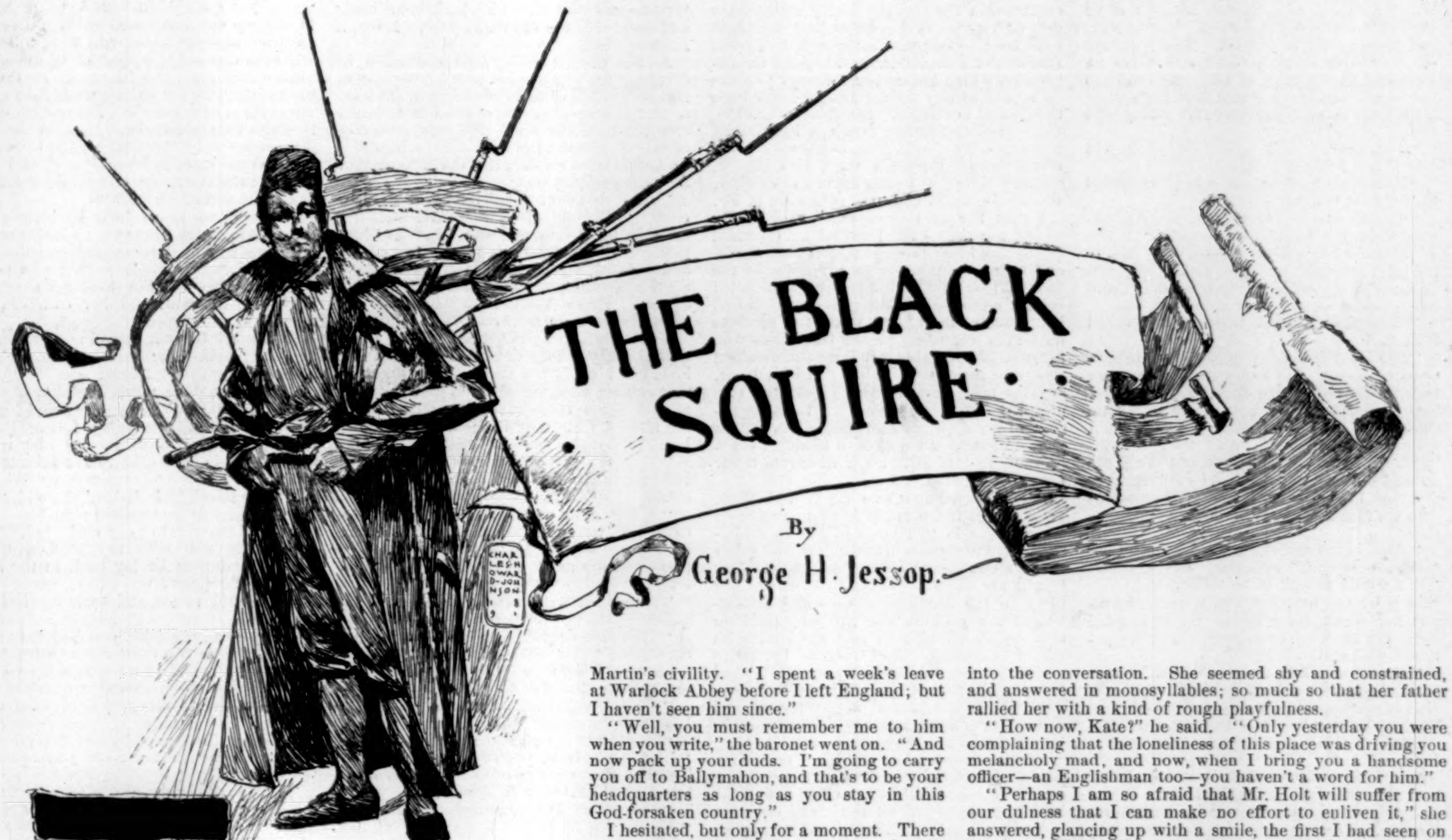
gaged by the American Bible Union in revising the common English version of the Bible, and during a part of that time co-operated with the committee of the Convocation of Canterbury, England, in revising the authorized English version. Mr. CONANT published a standard Hebrew grammar and various theological works.

—Winter has been the inspiration of all the pictures painted by Mr. BOUGHTON, A.R.A., this year. One represents the sun rising over a desolate tract of frozen salt-marsh. A child is venturing upon an icy pool in the foreground, while in the background are the slate-roofed houses of a Suffolk village. In a second picture is given a twilight glimpse of the frozen Deben, near Kingsfleet; while in a third, an illustration to one of AUSTIN DOBSON'S poems, is a tract of ice, with boys sliding and skating in the background. The scheme of this picture, however, lies in a girl's figure in the foreground, the delicate colors of her clothing blending harmoniously with the gray-green of a withered hedge.

—THEODORE TILTON lives in comparative quiet and obscurity in Paris, and gains a moderate income by literary work. He is said to have given up all desire for returning to this country to live.

—Weakness rather than strength has always seemed to be most prominent in the character of Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria. Just now his æsthetic mind is said to be feeding on the vanities of personal adornment, his silk gowns, lace shirts, and diamonds being only portions of the gaudy costumes with which he is dazzling the Sofia public.

THE CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 347.]
1. The Entrance. 2. The Lobby. 3. The Interior.



THE BLACK SQUIRE

By George H. Jessop.

I.—DETACHMENT DUTY.

TOWARD the close of last summer orders were issued from headquarters of her Majesty's Loamshire regiment for a detachment to proceed to Loughran, under command of Lieutenant Francis Holt, there to uphold the civil arm.

I was Lieutenant Francis Holt, and the duty was very distasteful to me. We had been quartered for some months in Enniskillen, and though the place could not be called lively, it improved on acquaintance.

I did not believe that the civil arm stood in any urgent need of support. I had never been in Ireland before—we had come direct from Aldershot—and though I had heard many tales of outrage and wrong-doing, with my own eyes I had seen nothing. The country seemed as peaceful as the summer surface of Lough Earne, and if any tales reached our ears of Captain Moonlight and his midnight sovereignty, they received at the mess table more ridicule than credit. I looked for no exciting service to break the monotony of my exile, and I accepted my marching orders as I might have accepted a sentence of banishment.

Two days after our arrival in Loughran, while I stood at the window of the dirty little inn, counting the gaunt swine that wallowed in the miry street, a well-appointed dog-cart pulled up at the door, and a card was placed in my hand by the barefooted servant-girl who acted as Boots of the hotel, perhaps by way of compensation for having none of her own.

Sir Martin Mahon of Ballymahon had called upon me. I had heard of him, of course, for he was the magnate of the neighborhood; and no doubt he had heard of me, since it was largely in consequence of his disagreement with his tenantry that the military had been called in. I had never met him, however, and I was far from expecting the courtesy of a visit. He was not liked in the county, so much I had learned from common report, though my informants were mostly of a class who would have hated an angel had he come in the guise of a landlord. Sir Martin was known throughout the country-side as "The Black Squire." Some called him "Mad Mahon," in consequence of the violent gusts of passion to which he was subject. Such as he was, he was the first visitor who had sought me since I had turned my back on Enniskillen and civilization, and I was not disposed to be critical.

As I stepped out into the hall to meet him, he came forward and greeted me with outstretched hand—a big, powerful man he seemed as his bulky frame filled up the narrow doorway. He had a strong face, with a square determined chin, and his dark eyes were deeply set beneath overhanging brows. His mouth was concealed by a heavy black mustache, but it was easy to imagine that the hidden feature shared the dominant expression of the face—a face full of character and with a stern beauty of its own.

"Well," he said, as he grasped my hand, "it was only this morning that I heard you were here. Who'd have thought I'd have found any of my old friend's family pigging at Loughran! There's no mistake, is there? You're a Holt, sure enough?"

"Frank Holt is my name," I replied, somewhat puzzled by this address.

I may mention that I had been christened "Francis," in honor of an uncle, my father's elder brother; but except for any music the syllables may have of their own, the name has been of no particular advantage to me, though my uncle is a man of large property.

"Ay, Frank; so it would be," replied the baronet; "and now I study you, you have quite a look of Sir Francis. How is he? We were at Oxford together a quarter of a century ago, but it seems ages since I have heard of him."

"He was very well last time I saw him," I answered, realizing that it was to my uncle that I was indebted for Sir Martin's civility. "I spent a week's leave at Warlock Abbey before I left England; but I haven't seen him since."

"Well, you must remember me to him when you write," the baronet went on. "And now pack up your duds. I'm going to carry you off to Ballymahon, and that's to be your headquarters as long as you stay in this God-forsaken country."

I hesitated, but only for a moment. There was a trustworthy sergeant with my detachment. Ballymahon was within an easy ride—less than four miles away—and the comforts of a well-appointed country house seemed all the brighter as I pictured them in contrast to the squalor of the "shebeen" to which I had been doomed. My servant packed my portmanteau while I gave a few hurried instructions to Sergeant Bell, who was fortunately at hand—the men had been quartered in the village as far as possible—and in a few minutes I was seated in Sir Martin's dog-cart, whirling, all unconscious, toward the events which have made this one year of my life so much fuller than all the eight-and-twenty that preceded it.

II.—A THREATENING LETTER.

Between a double row of lime-trees the avenue swept up to the door of Ballymahon, a fine old mansion, whose long lines of windows testified to the abundance of room within, though, as I soon learned, the family was very small, consisting of Sir Martin and an only daughter. At dinner I was presented to Miss Mahon.

She was a strikingly handsome girl. Tall, like her father, and, with her black hair and flashing dark eyes, not without a certain resemblance to the stern baronet, but in her face youth and feminine nature had softened the details of imperious beauty, and the expression was wholly different. She welcomed me gracefully, and it was easy to see that the prospect of a little variety was pleasant to her. Indeed, it must have been a lonely life for a young lady compelled to rely on Sir Martin Mahon for society.

For though the baronet unbent somewhat in compliment to the stranger at his board, yet the effort was obvious enough to prove that it was made but rarely. He was a grim, self-contained, silent man, and it was easy to fancy that table as it usually was—unenlivened by any gleam of cheerfulness.

On this, my first evening at Ballymahon, the conversation turned on the state of the country. This is always a fruitful topic in Ireland, and to my host it seemed to possess more interest than any other. He frankly admitted that he was an unpopular landlord, and seemed to glory in his terrible reputation; but I noticed that Miss Mahon looked troubled, though she did not venture to discuss the question with her father.

"Sympathy is wasted on those fellows," said Sir Martin. "You are an Englishman, Mr. Holt, and you can have no idea of the greed and cunning and unscrupulousness of Irish peasant character. They have absolutely no sense of gratitude. Treat them kindly, and they laugh at you, treat them sternly, and they are afraid of you. Well, I had rather be feared than ridiculed."

"But do you incur no danger, Sir Martin?" I ventured. "I confess that I have seen nothing very alarming during my brief stay in Ireland, but we read of outrages in the papers—cattle-maiming, barn-burning, even murder—"

"Yes, we hear of such things," interrupted the baronet, violently; "and why? Because of the confounded vacillating policy of the government. A few regiments of dragoons is what we need here, and martial law to give them a free hand. Plenty of cold steel and ball-cartridges. That's the way to solve the Irish question. You may volley any mob, or charge through any village street of a market-day, and not hurt a decent man. They're all rascals."

I made no reply to this extravagant speech, which was uttered with an indescribable accent of ferocity. I looked at Miss Mahon. Her eyes were cast down, but her compressed lips and rising color showed that it was not without an effort she remained silent. My host's brutality jarred on me, and I mentally resolved to make my visit at Ballymahon as brief as possible. Then I glanced again at the young lady, and wavered. She interested me.

"As for danger," the baronet went on, "I suppose there is a risk at any time of curs showing their teeth, if their master is fool enough to drop the whip that controls them. But that is just what I do not propose to do."

I attempted to change the subject. The cloth had been removed, after the old fashion, and we sat at the shining mahogany sipping our claret. Miss Mahon had not withdrawn, and I endeavored, without much success, to bring her into the conversation. She seemed shy and constrained, and answered in monosyllables; so much so that her father rallied her with a kind of rough playfulness.

"How now, Kate?" he said. "Only yesterday you were complaining that the loneliness of this place was driving you melancholy mad, and now, when I bring you a handsome officer—an Englishman too—you haven't a word for him."

"Perhaps I am so afraid that Mr. Holt will suffer from our dulness that I can make no effort to enliven it," she answered, glancing up with a smile, the first I had seen on her face. How it lit up her features, shone in her glorious eyes, and smoothed away, as if by magic, the somewhat scornful expression of her lips! I had considered her a very handsome girl. That smile changed her, in my opinion at least, to the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

"I assure you, Miss Mahon," I replied, speaking lightly, and enduring the dazzle of her gaze as well as I could, "that if you had any idea of the abomination of desolation involved in detachment duty, you would not fear that I could find this society dull."

The butler entered the room and addressed his master in a half-whisper.

"Mr. Garratt is in the library, sir."

"Ah, I will see him at once," replied Sir Martin, rising. Then he turned to me, and excused himself with old-fashioned courtesy. "Mr. Garratt is my agent. You have been in the country long enough to realize the importance of such an officer to an Irish landlord. Kate will entertain you, since she seems to have found her tongue at last."

As soon as we were alone Miss Mahon suggested that there was still light enough for a stroll round the gardens. I assented gladly, and we stepped out of one of the French windows into the glorious August twilight.

She talked frankly enough now, asking many questions as to the details of a soldier's life, and receiving my answers with evident interest. I had seen little service in Ireland. I had not as yet been called upon to take part in any eviction proceedings, or even to be present at such, though I assumed that the detachment I commanded would have its full share of this disagreeable duty. I found Miss Mahon well informed on the landlord and tenant question, and, to my surprise, her sympathies appeared to be with the latter class; but that was doubtless the reaction from the extreme partisanship of her father.

She referred to Sir Martin's remarks at the dinner table in a tone of apology, and with a look of positive distress on her proud, sensitive face.

"You must not take papa too seriously on those subjects, Mr. Holt," she said. "He often says more than he means; but, of course, you heard him yourself. You see how he allows his—his excitement to carry him away."

"Yes," I replied; "Sir Martin evidently has rooted convictions." But I added, inwardly, "If ever a man spoke from the fulness of his heart, the Black Squire has so spoken this night."

"He feels strongly, and he takes no pains to soften what he says," she went on. "Sometimes I am afraid he will bring fearful trouble on himself—on us all."

"Do you mean that he incurs actual danger by speaking so?" I asked. "Because it seems incredible that in a free country—"

"Oh, Mr Holt," she interrupted, "the idea of calling Ireland a free country! You know what our peasantry are—or, rather, you do not know—and papa has so many enemies among them. It is not what he says, but what he does; and, again, what he does is made harsher by what he says. Hush! he is coming. Let us talk of something else."

She began to point out various garden beauties as Sir Martin came down the gravel-walk toward us with an open letter in his hand. I was pleased to think that I had already established what might pass for a secret understanding with the beautiful girl at my side. At this time I did not realize how utterly alone she stood, and how the misgivings inspired by her father's headstrong temper lay at the surface of all her thoughts, and colored all her words and acts.

"Have you shown Mr. Holt the lake, Kate?" cried Sir Martin as he joined us. "No? Well, it's growing late to go so far to-night. Garratt detained me longer than I expected."

"Anything wrong, papa?" asked Miss Mahon. I noticed that she did not often address a direct question to her father; but when she did, her eyes went straight to his.

"Anything wrong?" he repeated, angrily. "Is anything ever right? Old Brannigan has asked for a reduction and extension. The same old story—a bad year and hard times. As if I did not suffer by them more than he does!"

"Brannigan!" she cried, breathlessly, and I noticed that her face seemed to pale in the fading light. "You don't mean Neil Brannigan, of Lisvarna?"

"Yes, I do," answered Sir Martin, doggedly. "And out of Lisvarna he goes if he hasn't his rent ready in a week. Due in May, and here we are in August. That's always the way with these people; give them an inch, and they'll take an ell. He ought to have been cleared out of that farm last spring. If he can't make it pay, there are plenty who can."

"But, papa, what's to become of the old man?" went on the girl.

"That's his lookout, not mine," answered the baronet, roughly.

"I think this is a case where some allowance should be made," she urged. "While Brannigan's son was alive, he always paid to the day; and don't forget, papa, his daughter-in-law was my nurse. She is dead too, and her Annie is all the old man has left."

"What has her Annie to do with it?" asked Mahon.

"She is my foster-sister; we played together as children. I'm sure you cannot mean to turn her out on the road," replied Kate. She paused, and then went on, with a little shiver: "It is growing chilly. Had we not better come in-doors?" And, without waiting for a reply, she led the way toward the house, keeping a step in advance of her father and me. I fancied that the news had brought into her face more emotion than she cared to show.

"Kate is too sentimental. That was her mother's failing," remarked the baronet. "She would submit to be robbed and over-ridden by the tenantry, and never once assert her rights, for fear she might deprive some pet lamb of its supper. I've no patience with such work!"

"But it seems to me, Sir Martin," I ventured, "that in this individual case Miss Mahon's sympathy is reasonable enough. This man's daughter was her nurse, as I understand it; his granddaughter was her playfellow—"

"And does that make them any better than the rest of the crew?" he broke in, impatiently. "Here is a letter I received this evening. Very apt it is from old Brannigan himself. If it is not, he will be sending me one like it next week when I serve him notice. Should you like to read it?"

He handed me the letter—a brief scrawl on half a sheet of cheap note-paper. The top of the page was decorated with the rude drawing of a coffin. Below were a few lines, ill spelled, ill written, but direct and unmistakably to the point.

"Ye've been warned enuff. Now take care. Ye've three wekes to mend yer wais and hold yer foule tung. Afther that luk out. Take notiz.

"FIFTY DONAGALL MEN."

That was all; but it needed not the sinister sketch above nor the mysterious signature below to explain the meaning. The missive was one of those warnings which, according to the code of the hedge patriot, should precede the ultimate sentence to be carried out some dark night by pistol, bludgeon, scythe, or blunderbuss.

Sir Martin laughed and held out his hand. There was a touch of bitterness in his merriment, and yet it rang true. There was no note of conscious bravado, nothing forced in the tone. "You seem interested," he said. "One would think you had never seen a threatening letter."

"I never have," I answered, gravely, handing him back the paper.

"Oh," he cried, with renewed laughter, "stay with me long enough, and I'll show you plenty! I get a bushel, more or less, every week."

We had reached the hall door, and Miss Mahon, still a little in advance, was ascending the few steps that led to it. She turned and looked down on us.

"You seem to have found something very amusing there," she said. "May I share the joke?"

"It's an old one, but it never loses its point," replied the baronet. "Another threatening letter, that's all."

Kate Mahon raised both hands despairingly, and I waited for the words that seemed to tremble on her lips, but none came. She dropped her arms with a weary, hopeless gesture, and turning abruptly, entered the house in silence.

III.—BONNY KATE.

During the next fortnight I enjoyed myself as much as any young soldier on detachment has a right to expect. I rode into Loughran two or three times a week, inspected my men, and received Sergeant Bell's report. That was the extent of my military duties. Most of my days were spent in Kate's company, driving, sketching, walking, rowing on the lake, or tennis-playing on the lawn. When I allowed myself to reflect, I was often surprised at the frank way in which Sir Martin threw me into his daughter's society. Did he realize that she was no longer a child? Had he forgotten that though I bore a name as good as his own, I was but a penniless subaltern in the notoriously provisionless profession of arms? I could not tell, and I did not care to guess.

At breakfast the baronet would inquire, "Now, Kate, what do you intend to do to entertain our friend to-day?" And I was content to take the goods the gods provided, and ask no questions.

Opportunity! That is what plays the mischief with the susceptible hearts of young men. I might have met Miss Mahon a dozen times in the hunting-field, I might have danced with her at the county ball, she might have been my companion through the solemn function of a set dinner, and beyond the impression which beauty must always produce on a man of any taste, I should never have thought of her again. But these long days, these glorious autumn evenings indefinitely prolonged by the harvest-moon, who could resist them? Before a week had passed, "bonny Kate," as I soon learned to call her, was all the world and most of heaven to me.

I told her so one morning as I slowly rowed her across the little lake. I poured out all my heart in eager, incoherent words, and watched anxiously for a glimpse of the beautiful face almost hidden under the tilted brim of a great shady hat. At last she raised her graceful head, and when the glorious dark eyes met mine, I knew that I had won my suit. I remember how fair nature seemed that day, how the bird songs had a truer, sweeter note, how the sun kissed the oar-dimpled water, and, above all, how the answer of my darling's heart seemed to leap in visible light from her eyes to mine. Once a lifetime, that is all! Such moments never repeat themselves!

It had been but a two weeks' courtship, yet I doubt if we could have known each other better in two years of life as understood by the outside world. She had given me her confidence in a completeness that touchingly accentuated the loneliness of her life. In the harassing doubts and difficulties of her position, she had welcomed an arm on which to lean and a friend with whom to counsel. And truly, as I came to realize Sir Martin's attitude not only toward his own tenantry, but toward the whole county, I felt such a boundless pity for the girl as must soon have turned to love had not her beauty found a shorter way to my heart.

For the baronet had embarked on a campaign of extermination. Every petty excuse was taken advantage of to wring the land from the poorer tenantry, and not once since Sir Martin had succeeded to the estates had a lease been granted or renewed on his property.

Kate felt, as a high-spirited girl must, her father's isolation; but I do not think she realized the actual danger which his course involved, and I was far too inexperienced in Irish life, and too sceptical as to the reality of Irish outrages, to be able to enlighten her on this point. Sir Martin was undoubtedly the best-hated man in the province, and this worried her; he had received a perfect literature of threatening letters, and this, as an evidence of popular feeling, pained her; but no overt attack had ever been attempted on his person. The baronet was at least as much feared as disliked, and the superstitious peasantry regarded him as something like a fiend incarnate. Not one of them but would have shrunk trembling from the thunder of his voice, or cowered abjectly under the lightning of his eye. The threatened eviction of the Brannigans—"notice to quit" had already been served on the old man—affected Miss Mahon more deeply than all the long list of tyrannies which stained her father's name. The case came home to her as no other could have done. The circle of desolation seemed to be closing round her own hearthstone.

I sought Sir Martin in the library as soon as I left Kate that morning, after a sweet, solitary walk homeward along the wood road that led from the lake to the house. The time had come to tell the father all that his daughter was to me, and to ask his consent to our union—a consent which, in view of the whole tenor of his conduct toward me, I could hardly believe would be withheld.

The library door stood open, and voices reached me as I approached. I hesitated to intrude, but the baronet caught sight of me and hailed me.

"Come in, Holt," he cried. "I am not busy;" and I entered.

IV.—THE BLACK SQUIRE AT HIS BLACKEST.

A white-haired old man was standing near the window, a gnarled, wrinkled peasant of seventy years or more, and at his side a tall, dark-haired girl. The hood of her Connemara cloak was pulled so far over her face as almost to hide her features, but I could see that she was weeping.

"That's enough now, Brannigan," said Sir Martin. "This is no place for paupers. I've shown you some indulgence, and this is all I get for it. Now out you go."

"Ah, don't say that, yer Honor," pleaded the old fellow. "Man and boy, I've lived on this property for hard on to eighty years, an' sure it's not axin' much to be allowed to die on it."

"Much or little," remarked the baronet, in a rasping, high-pitched voice, "it's more than you'll get. Come, clear out!"

"Come, grandda," whispered the girl; "I told ye there was no use in it. Ye might as well be talkin' to wan o' the oak-trees without."

"Quite as well," remarked Mahon. "That is the first sensible word I have heard from either of you."

"And d'ye mane to say ye'll put me out?" cried Brannigan, raising his voice.

"I have said it," returned the landlord.

Then the peasant lifted his palsied hands and cursed Mahon with a horrible earnestness. He cursed him living and dead; he cursed the hour of his birth and the mother who bore him; he called on Heaven's lightning and man's vengeance to blast the home of the tyrant—and the baronet lay back in his chair and sneered in the old man's face. It was a hideous scene.

At last the trembling girl succeeded in dragging her grandfather away. Sir Martin rose and followed them to the door. As soon as he had seen them into the hall he returned and resumed his seat. He was perfectly calm. It was not the impotent ravings of a broken-hearted old man that could rouse Mad Mahon's evil passions.

"He feels better now," remarked the baronet. "The old chap was quite melodramatic in his mouthings, wasn't he? Let him talk. It's a good safety-valve; a few curses and a batch of Captain Moonlight's letters are the inevitable sequel of every one of these affairs. That's what Irish landlords get when they ask for their own."

I was profoundly disgusted. I had come to the library to tell a father of his daughter's love, but I could not speak of sentiment to this callous, sneering man. I put my own mission for a moment aside, and knowing the interest Kate took in these poor people, I ventured a plea in their behalf.

"Why are you evicting the Brannigans?" I asked, controlling my voice as well as I could.

"Why? For a very good reason. Because they haven't paid their rent. Besides, it's a good chance to get rid of them. They've presumed too much on fancied services and long connection with this family."

"And what will become of them?" I inquired.

"There are only the two left," the baronet answered; "that old chap and his granddaughter. They'll go to America, I suppose, and good riddance of bad rubbish, say I."

"He is too old a man to be forced to begin life anew," I urged.

"Rubbish!" Sir Martin retorted, sharply. "Look here, Holt, you're too soft-hearted. Tell me, what does your father do when his tenants fall behind in their rent?"

"My father!" I answered, in some surprise. "My father never had a tenant in all his life."

"What!" screamed the baronet, raising himself in his chair. "Your father—the lord of eight thousand acres—never had a tenant."

"You are speaking of my uncle, Sir Francis," I explained. "My father, Colonel Holt, as you must be aware—"

"I am aware of nothing," he interrupted, passionately. "Do you mean to tell me you are not the son and heir of Warlock Abbey?"

"No such luck," I answered, wondering at his violence. "I have four very healthy cousins and two or three nephews between me and that succession."

Sir Martin's eyes were absolutely blazing. He made one or two attempts to speak before he could master his voice. "So you have come here under false pretences," he said at last. "You represent yourself to me as my old friend's son—"

"I beg your pardon," I interrupted, quickly. "I have never represented myself as other than I am, and I will thank you to measure your words more carefully when you address me."

"Oh, enough of this quibbling!" he shouted. "If I deceived myself it was for you to set me right. You must have seen how matters stood; but it suited you to allow me to go on in my mistake."

Here was a situation! I had come to ask this man for his daughter's hand, and before I had opened my lips on the subject I was informed, in language that was nothing short of insult, that all the kindness lavished on me had been intended for the heir of Warlock Abbey. I restrained my temper as well as I could, and answered quietly:

"I never knew there was any mistake, Sir Martin. You told me you were my uncle's oldest friend. It did not seem surprising to me that you should extend your hospitality to his nephew. Since I was wrong, it only remains to thank you for what has been—up till this moment—a very pleasant visit, and to relieve you of my company as soon as I can."

I bowed gravely and turned toward the door, but the baronet overtook me in two strides and laid a detaining hand on my arm. Mad Mahon was evidently ashamed of the words his ungovernable temper had prompted.

"No, no, Holt," he said. "I—you will pardon me—I haven't an angelic disposition at the best of times, and old Brannigan ruffled me. Of course you are welcome here; glad to have you for your uncle's sake—for your own; but, you see, I fancied you were Frank Holt's son—and—and of course—you know how susceptible girls are. If you had Warlock Abbey to fall back upon, the case would be different; but you've nothing to marry on, and perhaps it would be just as well if you and Kate did not see quite so much of each other. A bit of sentiment is hatched up quickly in a lonely place like this."

Coarse as the speech was—for the Black Squire was no diplomat, and let his meaning appear with brutal clearness—it gave me the opportunity I sought. There had been enough of mistake. I was resolved neither to remain in his house under false pretences nor to leave it with my secret unspoken. I looked him full in the eye as he stood before me, with his hand still on my sleeve.

"As far as Miss Mahon is concerned, sir, the mischief is already done. I have told her that I loved her, and she is good enough to return my love."

He started back, and the lurking devil that was never quite hidden in his face leaped boldly up and convulsed every feature. I shall not attempt to describe what followed. His rage reached the point of madness, and I can honestly say that his taunts, his threats, his insults, affected me no more than might the ravings of a lunatic. My one conscious feeling was a measureless pity for the poor girl whose only remaining parent was the frenzied creature before me. And in the midst of the storm she crossed the threshold and stood and looked at him.

The tempest lulled little by little under the serene power of her eye. I had stretched out my arm when she entered, to shield her from a paroxysm which seemed to threaten personal violence. She took my hand and held it a moment, and her own did not tremble.

At last the baronet turned away abruptly, and flung himself in a reclining-chair. Then she spoke for the first time:

"Have you done, father?"

"Yes, for the present," he answered, hoarsely. "If that lither-tongued fortune-hunter hasn't gone in half an hour, I may repeat some of the home truths I have been telling him."

"I love Frank Holt, father," she said, "and I will never marry any other man."

"I will see you in your coffin before you ever marry him with my good-will," he snarled, and then he lay back in the chair and closed his eyes.

She turned to me, and took my hand in both hers.

"And now, my dear, you had better go. This is a house you must never enter again."

I knew that; I had not resented her father's insults, but it was impossible to court their repetition. But it was very hard to leave her thus.

"I cannot say good-by like this; I must see you alone; I must see you again," I whispered.

"You shall see me again," she answered, quietly; "and I do not mean to say good-by at all."

We had passed out of the library, leaving the baronet lying in his chair either sleeping or feigning. As we stood in the hall, Kate glanced quickly round, and then, resting both hands on my shoulders, kissed me quickly on the cheek.

"This is *au revoir*," she said. "I shall take a turn in the yew walk every evening after dinner. Now go."

She pushed me away with a gesture that was almost a caress, and turning quickly, re-entered the library. I went to the stables and ordered my horse, intending to send my servant over for my luggage in the afternoon. As I cantered down the avenue hope and fear were struggling for the mastery in my heart, but love—love undimmed by doubt, and unvexed by apprehension—shone out with the quiet radiance of a star.

V.—AN IRISH EVICTION.

It was long before I could bring my darling to accept my plans. She owned her love freely, and was never coy to admit that she would marry me, with her father's consent or without it. The former alternative was only stated as a matter of form. We both knew how hopeless it was to attempt to move the Black Squire from his resolve, and from the moment he learned that I was only the poor younger son of a younger son, all possibility of my being an eligible suitor for Kate vanished from his mind. But there was another course. I urged it, with all the energy love lent me, during many a twilight talk amid the sombre yews. Kate did not say yes, and did not say no. She argued in favor of procrastination; but I, who could see no hope in the future to reward delay, pressed strongly for immediate action.

My plan was simple, and would avoid most of the disadvantages of an avowed elopement. Miss Mahon had received her education at a convent near Brussels, and had left behind her a memory which was still affectionately cherished by the good Sisters. They had urged her to pay them a visit; now I urged Kate to accept the invitation, and I frankly avowed my interested motives. What would be easier than to follow her after a few days, and then marriage, happiness, and a triumphant return? I believed I could support a wife, if not in luxury, at least in comfort; and the certainty that Sir Martin would disinherit his daughter for her disobedience was among the least of my troubles. Nor did I stop to reflect that there might be many obstacles in the way of a Protestant, a heretic officer, who sought to wed a Roman Catholic girl and a convent guest. But in those days theological questions did not bother me much. Love was my religion, and bonny Kate my patron saint.

The discussion of these plans was relieved by many long interludes of desultory talk, interesting only to the two specially concerned. Kate thought the proposed arrangement good—that is, if we were forced to it—but her advice was to wait, and I perforce consented, not knowing what help to expect from time, but powerless to shake the girl's resolution. So passed the first week after my expulsion from Ballymahon.

In this time I met Sir Martin only once, and that was on an official occasion. The eviction proceedings against Brannigan had been pressed, and he was to be dispossessed on a certain day. It was expected that resistance would be offered, and I received orders to be present with the entire force under

my command. Though I had been more than three weeks in Donegal, this was the first time I had been called on to "support the civil arm," and I did not like the duty. Remembering who the Brannigans were, however, and knowing Kate's regard for them, I attended with the determination of stretching every point in their favor, and sparing the poor creatures any needless suffering. Sir Martin was present, and acknowledged my appearance by raising his hat about a quarter of an inch, a salutation which I returned with my stiffest military salute. He eyed me haughtily, and had opportunity offered, I have no doubt would have made me feel his magisterial authority as unpleasantly as possible. We exchanged no words.

To my great relief, the eviction was accomplished easily and quietly. No opposition was offered, and in half an hour all was over. Old Brannigan and his daughter stood on the road-side, surrounded by their poor furniture—flotsam and jetsam from their wrecked home.

The only demonstration occurred when Sir Martin Mahon drove away. As his car passed through the crowd which the occasion had gathered, three deep groans were given in chorus. The baronet stood up in his seat and glared furiously around him.

"Ah, sit down, yer Honor," cried a jeering voice. "Sure it isn't already the divil has his gridiron in undher ye."

A taunting laugh emphasized the words. The Black Squire, as though disdaining to notice the interruption, resumed his seat and drove rapidly away.

I crossed over to where Brannigan and his daughter were standing. A group of sympathizing neighbors fell back at my approach.

"I'm very sorry this trouble has come upon you, Mr. Brannigan," I said; for the picture of the white-haired peasant, surrounded by the ruins of his household, was very pitiful in my eyes. "If I can help you in any way, I hope you will let me know. Have you any plans for the future?"

The old man raised his hand to his head in a dazed way, and muttered some unintelligible words. His granddaughter came to his assistance.

"We're thankful to yer Honor," she said, speaking cheerfully and pleasantly; "but the heart's put across in poor grandda wid this day's work, an' he don't rightly know what he does be sayin'."

"I asked him what you intended to do," I replied, turning to the girl—a good-looking young woman enough, as tall and shapely as my Kate, with thick black hair, and a fairly intelligent face.

"I'm thankful to ye, sir," she answered. "We're goin' to America. We've friends there, an' wid the blessin' o' God we'll do finely."

"Have you money for your passage?" I asked.

"Our passage is tuk an' ped for," she replied. "Miss Kate—bless her kind heart and her purty face!—she give us enough for that. An' she give me more too"—the girl's eyes filled with tears, and her voice broke a little—"she kissed me, so she did, and prayed God to bless us; an' she give me a token to remimber her by."

So Kate had been there. The angel had come to carry grace and succor to the hapless creatures ere the destroyer had dealt his final blow. I had guessed as much. Might we not owe this bloodless eviction to my darling's softening influence?

"You'll need all you can get in the new country," I said, and I pressed a little money into the girl's hand. It was not much, for I was a poor man, but she thanked me profusely. I could not help sighing, as I noticed the wonder that mingled with her gratitude when she glanced from my gift to the uniform I wore. For how many centuries must these two races, separated only by a few miles of sea, be enigmas to each other?

Then I marched my command back to Loughran, swallowed a hasty dinner, and mounted my horse to ride over to Ballymahon and keep my tryst in the shadows of the yew-tree walk.

VI.—THE LAST TRYST.

Kate seldom failed me. I think in the week since I had left the house she had missed only a single night, and this evening I was sure that she would be anxious to hear the details of a day so eventful to her humble friends. Therefore I pressed Warlock to the top of his speed, and as I fastened him in a clump of larch outside the gate, I noticed that I was half an hour earlier than usual; and yet Kate was before me, pacing up and down, and evidently expecting me with impatience.

"You were at the eviction," she began at once, passing by my greeting, and going straight to the subject that was uppermost in her mind.

"Yes; I saw it all."

"Well, what did you think? How did they— Oh, tell me all about it," she asked, incoherently.

"There is very little to tell," I replied. "There was no violence; there was occasion for none; but the whole affair was pitiful enough."

"It must have been," she answered. "Oh, how thankful I am that they took my advice! For my father"—she wrung her hands with a gesture half anguish and half repulsion—"my father told me that he would have liked to see them shot down like rabbits; that he had hoped, since they had made such a fuss about their hovel, that they wouldn't have left it so tamely."

"Impossible!" I cried. "Surely even he—"

"He told me so himself," she repeated.

"He must be out of his mind, then. I can understand that a man might covet the poor creatures' farm, but how any one in cold blood could desire—"

"You do not know my father," she interrupted. "This thing has grown to be a passion with him. He thinks that every tenant on the estate is in league to rob and abuse him. This led to severity in the first place, and the severity reacts. See these threatening letters, and listen to the hisses and groans that meet him in public wherever he goes. He thinks there is no possible good in the Irish peasantry, and he would like to see them exterminated if he could."

She spoke with outward calmness, but I had learned to read her eyes even in this failing light, and I saw how deeply she was moved.

"The Brannigans are going to America, they tell me," I remarked, willing to divert her thoughts. "The girl said you had been to visit them and wish them good-by."

"I did wish them good-by," returned Kate, "for they will be gone before I return. They think I have started by this time."

"Are you going away, then?" I gasped.

"Yes; I have made up my mind, and I start for Brussels at once."

So she had yielded. The plan we had discussed so often was to be adopted at last. Kate would be mine, bound to me by a tie which her father's wrath could never unloose. It was a question of a few days only. I accepted the bliss her avowal brought, and did not care to ask the cause of her seemingly sudden determination; but Kate was more composed, and she told me.

I now learned that since my departure more than one stormy scene had taken place between father and daughter on the subject of the Brannigans. My name had been tabooed from the first, and Sir Martin had steadily declined to admit the possibility of any engagement, and Kate, inwardly resolving never to give me up—so she sweetly confessed as she walked at my side through the gathering dusk—saw the futility of discussion. On the question of the eviction of her old nurse's family she was more outspoken, but equally incapable of moving the headstrong baronet. Then she resolved, since she was unable to influence him for good, that she would no longer accept the shelter of his roof. She was willing to trust me, she said, and even if I was afraid to wed so undutiful a girl, the convent would be open to her. And she ended with a tremulous sigh and a faint pressure of the hand that lay on my arm.

Little cared I to analyze the motives from which my happiness sprang. I was too well satisfied with the result to be critical. I caught my darling to my heart, and swore that she never should have cause to regret the trust she reposed in me, and I sealed my vow with a long betrothal kiss.

She abandoned herself for a moment to my embrace, and rested her head on my shoulder, while her eyes, shining in the starlight, looked up into mine. Then she drew back, and rapidly sketched to me the plan she had outlined.

To my surprise, her resolve was to be put in action that very evening. She proposed to leave by a train which passed through Lifford a little before midnight. This would bring her to Dublin in time for the morning mail-boat to Holyhead, so that she could be in Brussels the next day but one. I was to follow later, as soon as I could obtain a short leave of absence. Time was immaterial. She would be safe and comfortable at the convent. Such was her plan.

In all this I found nothing to oppose, but when I learned that it was her intention to go to Lifford on foot and alone at such an hour, I raised strenuous objections. Why not tell her father that she desired to visit friends—either at the convent or elsewhere—and leave home openly in the light of day?

"Because," explained Kate, "my father would not allow me to go. He is suspicious of you—of us. He would lock me in my room first."

"But it is impossible for you to walk six miles over these country roads at midnight," I remonstrated.

"That does not frighten me in the least," she said, with decision. "You do not know what my life has been for the past week. I will go, I am determined, in any case. If you disapprove of it all, you need not follow me."

I could only submit. Here was a will as imperious in its way as the Black Squire's.

"Where is your father now?" I asked.

"He was closeted with Garratt when I came out," she replied. "But I must not stay longer. He may miss me at any moment; he is very suspicious. Besides, I must start by ten o'clock, and I have preparations to make. Good-night, dearest. Come when you will, you will find me waiting for you."

She slipped into my hand a card on which she had pencilled the name and address of her convent refuge. Then she lifted her face for a farewell kiss. How the memory of that kiss lingered with me through the days and nights of black despair following so close on this happy evening!

She sped away in the direction of the house, and I paced up and down the yew-tree walk, alone and full of misgivings. The more I thought of this adventure, the less I liked it. At the first flush I had been able to realize nothing save that a step was to be taken which would bring Kate and me together. But now, on sober second thought, I could not help wishing she had arranged otherwise. Of course she knew her father better than I could know him, and it was not for me to estimate the obstacles she had undertaken to surmount; but at least, I reflected, my presence would not compromise her at the outset. It was the idea of that lonely night walk to Lifford which disquieted me, and I resolved that I would not permit her to start without an escort.

I stole across the lawn till I was in full view of the gloomy front of the mansion, dotted here and there with lighted windows. I took shelter under a spreading walnut-tree, a position which commanded both the garden entrance and the front door. I was sure she would choose one of these, and I watched and waited.

I seemed to have been hours at my post before the great clock over the stables chimed out nine. It was very dark now, and there was enough of autumn in the September breeze to whirl many a withered leaf down to my feet. A dog was barking far off on the mountain-side, and I distinctly heard a splash in the lake as if a fish had risen. How slowly the time passed! It must have been eight o'clock before Kate left me. I had been little more than half an hour at my post.

The front door opened; I could see the ruddy lamp-light pouring out on the gravel-sweep. I leaned forward, like a hound straining on the leash, and listened with all my ears. Voices reached me. Sir Martin stood on the door-step, and bade farewell to Mr. Garratt. I could see the agent's little figure for an instant in the brightness before he passed beyond it, stepping briskly down the avenue. Mad Mahon lingered a moment on the step, his massive form backed by the light from the hall. Was this prudent for a threatened man? I could have fancied how the Black Squire would laugh had any one asked him that question; and, indeed, I had myself little belief in the actuality of Irish outrages. Then the door closed, and I resumed my vigil.

An owl hooted from the tree directly overhead. I started, and mentally took note of the condition of my nerves. Then I tried to look at my watch, but could see nothing. There would be a moon later, but just now the sky was growing overcast and the darkness deepened.

At last! Like the winking of an eye the light flashed from the hall, and was cut off again as the door was shut; but that instant was all I needed. In a moment I had run stealthily across the lawn and whispered my darling's name.

"You here?" She turned quickly as she spoke. "I thought you were at home by this time."

"Listen, Kate," I urged; "let me go with you to the station. I cannot have you walking all that way alone."

"No," she said, firmly; "that would attract attention—the very thing I wish to avoid. No one will know me; but if you were with me the station-master, everybody, would be watching." She took up a hand-bag which she had rested on the lowest step while we whispered together. "Now go," she went on, in the same tone. "You were very wrong to come here at all, and you might have embarrassed me greatly. Give me your word that you will go straight home."

"Must I?"

"If you do not, I shall return—and oh, Frank!" she added, with a piteous appeal in her low voice, "you would not doom a dog you loved to the life I have led there since you left."

"I will go," I replied; "I will go immediately."

And I did. Only once I paused and looked back. She was passing a lighted window, and from the obscurity I could see her stop and stretch out her arms toward it with an appealing gesture. It was the window of the library, the room Sir Martin usually occupied in the evening. Did she realize at that moment that she had seen her father for the last time? My heart yearned to comfort her, but I could not linger. I had promised to go straight home, and with resolute, rapid steps I trod the familiar road.

VII.—DESPAIR.

I found Warlock where I had left him. Of late, the old horse had been well used to waste an evening hour or two in that grove of larches. The moon was beginning to assert her presence in the sky. But for the tall woods about Ballymahon, she would have been already visible.

I was riding quietly along, and might have covered half a mile or more since leaving Sir Martin's gate, when a deafening report suddenly rent the silence. The sound came from the direction of Ballymahon, and the echoes rolled with a voice like thunder among the hills. But the sky was clear, and at that moment the moon showed herself above the trees that bordered the track to the left. I drew rein and listened. The reverberations died sullenly away, and no sound broke the stillness. I could not imagine what had happened. The report had seemed to my startled senses as loud as the volume of a hundred cannons.

As I waited and puzzled, I noticed a heavy smoke rising over the woods around Ballymahon. Something serious had happened at the house I had just left. I wheeled back, and urged Warlock at his best pace along the lonely way I had come.

Was the place on fire? On no other hypothesis could I account for the smoke; yet, if so, how had the fire spread so quickly, for all had been peaceful enough half an hour before? And then the explosion. It was not to be supposed that the Black Squire kept a powder-magazine in his cellar, yet nothing less could have justified so astounding a report.

Warlock's hoofs clattered on the hard macadamized road. I checked his speed for a moment as I reached the gate, for the turn there was abrupt. At the instant, as I was in act to shake the reins loose for a gallop up the avenue, a dozen men sprang out of the plantation on either side. I had but time to notice that they were dressed in the ordinary peasant frieze, and that all wore masks. Then the horse's head was seized, and I was dragged to the ground. A thick woollen cloth was fastened over my face so closely that I could not see, and could scarcely breathe. I strove to cry out, but my voice must have been inaudible a yard off. A powerful grasp was laid upon my arms, and I was hurried along between two men.

The sudden attack and the utter darkness which enveloped me bewildered me so I could form no idea of direction. Very soon, however, I felt the spring of turf under my feet, and knew that we had left the road. The ground trended rapidly upward, and I conjectured that I was being taken to the hills, but with what purpose I could not imagine, nor could I hazard a guess as to my captors' intentions. So we kept on, as it seemed to me, for hours. The walking was rough, over clumpy heath-land, and I frequently slipped down between the "tussocks," and would have fallen but for the rough grip that was still kept on my arms. I was nearly exhausted when a halt was called, and I was allowed to sink down, half fainting, on a tuft of heather. But my troubles were not over. All unseen, I felt hands busy about me, and presently a long rope was wound around me, embracing arms, legs, and body in its intricate convolutions. Then the muffler was withdrawn from my head, and a hoarse voice ordered me to hold my tongue if I cared for my life. As this command was emphasized by the pressure to my temple of something that felt like a pistol barrel, I did not venture to disobey. Moreover, the removal of the stiffling horse-blanket, or whatever it was that had been used to blind me, was so grateful that I lay drinking in long draughts of the pure mountain air, contented for the moment to be at rest. I lay on my back, completely concealed by the fragrant heather; the only object I could see was the quiet moon, by this time high in the heavens, and beginning to slope toward its setting. This tramp across the mountains must have lasted for four or five hours.

Presently I tried to stir and sit up, but I had been too skilfully bound. I could not move a limb. Then I spoke, at first softly and with deprecation, but as this elicited no rebuke, I raised my voice and shouted aloud. No answer; the only sound was the breeze among the heather-tops. I called again and again before I realized that I must be among the Donegal mountains, and probably some miles from any human habitation.

The rope was drawn tightly enough to be painful, but this was a minor discomfort. My own thoughts were my worst torment. I could not now doubt but that the explosion I had heard and the smoke I had seen had denoted some attack on Ballymahon—the house had been fired, perhaps blown up—and I had blundered into the gang of miscreants as they were returning from their devilish work. They had simply repressed me, as a witness who had arrived too quickly on the scene, and had taken the trouble to bring me up here, where I might lie for hours before any one chanced to pass within sound of my voice. They might more easily have killed me; I dimly wondered why they had not taken that course. Perhaps, as I had never harmed them, the rascals had conscience enough to begrudge a useless murder.

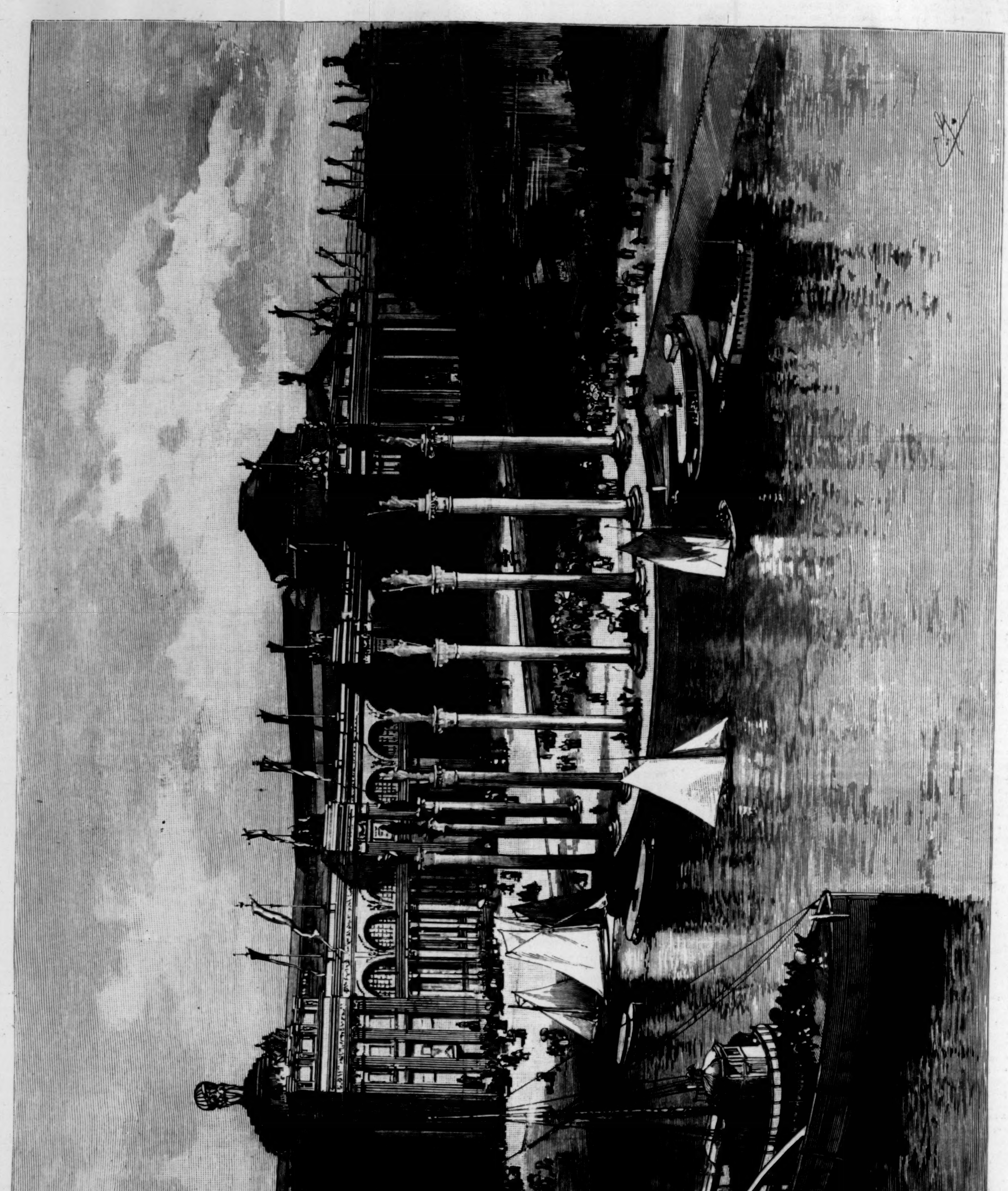
Sir Martin and his mansion were wiped from the face of the earth. This I did not for a moment doubt. I believed in Irish outrages now. The engine of destruction had been levelled against the hated landlord; I was merely caught in the recoil. But Kate—ah! there was the thought of anguish; there was the reflection that stung me like a lash till I writhed impotently against the hempen bonds that held me helpless!

I had last seen my darling as she paused for a moment outside the library window. Then, obedient to her bidding, I had pressed on without looking back. Whither had she gone? What had become of her, this gentle, high-bred girl, alone on these midnight roads where assassins lurked in ambush, where even strong men were paralyzed in a moment and led away powerless as babes?

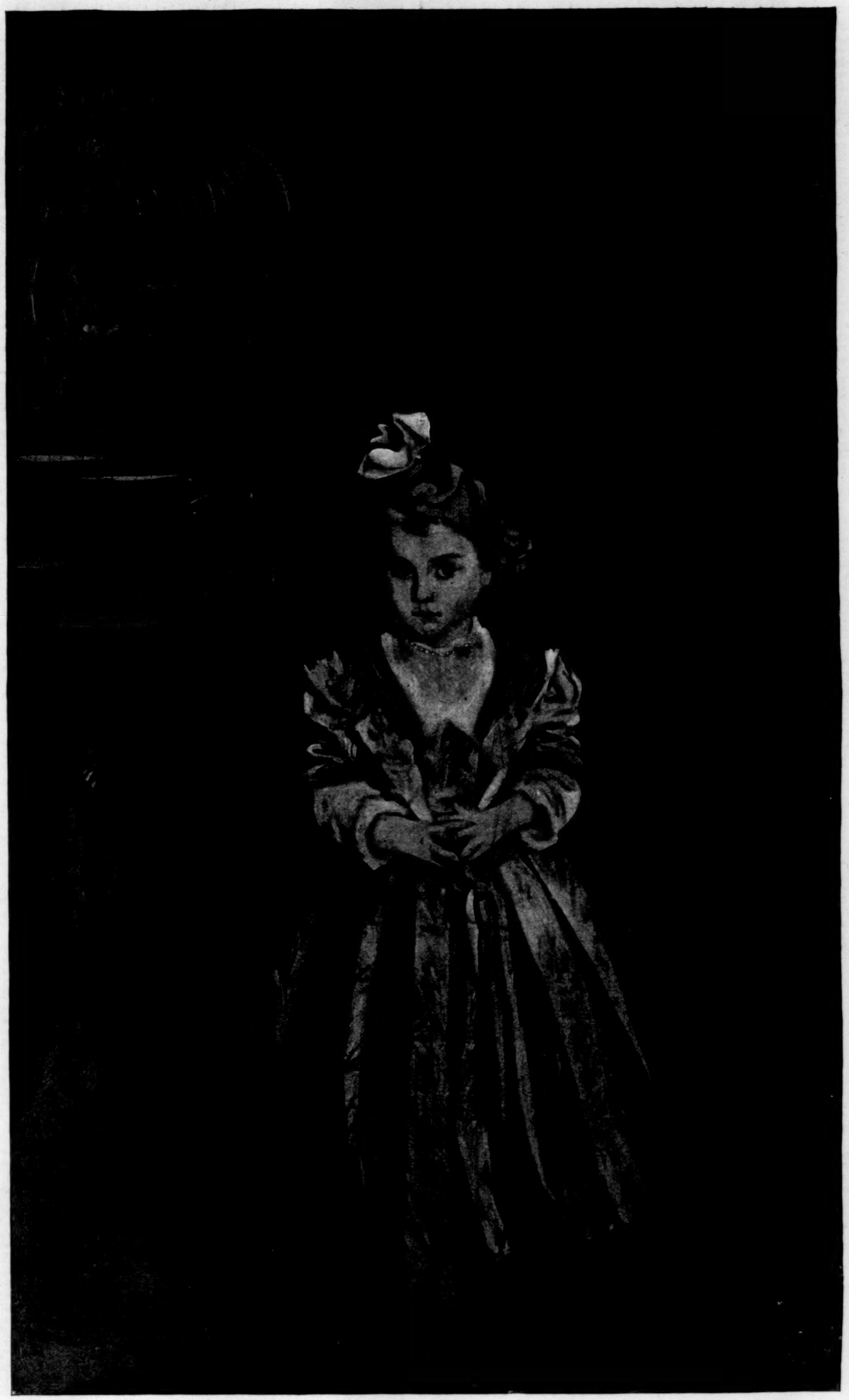
She was the Black Squire's daughter. Would the sins of the father be visited on the child; or, on the other hand, would her many gracious deeds in that house of darkness be remembered to her salvation? I could not guess. I could only strain against my bonds, and tell the hours till morning with alternate prayers and curses.

Day came at last; first rosy dawn, and then the fiery sun climbing higher and higher in the heavens. It was one o'clock in the

(Continued on page 346.)



THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING, COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—Drawn by Charles Graham after the Accepted Plans.—[See Page 347.]



PORTRAIT OF MISS BEATRICE GOELET BY JOHN S. SARGENT,
IN THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.—[SEE PAGE 346.]

THE BLACK SQUIRE.

(*Continued from page 343.*)

afternoon before a police patrol, scouring the country for evidence on the tragedy of the night, happened upon me as I lay, and cut my bonds. And this is the tale they had to tell:

A charge of dynamite had been exploded upon the window-sill of Sir Martin's library, and the whole of that portion of the house was shattered to its foundations. The baronet had escaped; by the merest chance he had happened to go into the dining-room for a glass of sherry at the moment of the explosion. So the blow had missed the head at which it was levelled.

The remains of two people—a man and a woman—mangled, blown to pieces, unrecognizable, had been found outside the limits of the house, close to the library window.

Who were these people? This was my first question, and the partial answer I received was unexpected enough. Until the police found me on the mountain-side, miles from Ballymahon, it had been supposed that I had perished in the explosion. Kate's maid, it seemed, knew something of my clandestine meetings with her mistress, and in the horror of last night she had told all she knew. She had even heard my voice as she accompanied the young lady to the door, for Kate had been obliged to take the girl partly into her confidence. And when it was ascertained that Warlock had galloped riderless into Loughran, and a careful search failed to reveal my whereabouts, the conclusion seemed inevitable that the mangled fragments of humanity scattered on the lawn had once borne the name of Frank Holt.

The theory of the police was that the dynamite had been set, with a clock-work attachment, early in the evening, and that at the appointed time the infernal machine had done its work. The maid's statement showed that Miss Mahon and I had probably been lingering outside the window when the crash came.

Then the woman's remains would be those of Kate Mahon. I would not believe it; I could not believe it. A mistake had been made in my case. Why not in hers? It is true I had last seen her as she stood beneath that window, now undistinguishable among the other ruins; but it was not to be imagined that she lingered there for half an hour. To me, at least, who knew her urgent reasons for haste, the supposition was inadmissible, and yet the calm, melancholy confidence of the policemen filled me with an agonizing doubt. But the doubt was as nothing to the mortal pang that turned my blood to ice when they confronted me with the terrible proof—a little turquoise ring that had been found on the charred hand of one of the victims.

I had seen that ring a score of times on Kate's finger, and hope was killed by black horror in the presence of its evidence. There are hours in all lives which no pen can describe.

I saw Sir Martin, erect, proud, defiant, amid the ruins of his home. I remember the pitiless coldness of his voice when I tried to speak to him of his loss.

"I have lost no daughter, sir. That girl ceased to be my child from the hour that she ceased to obey me."

Two weeks later the Black Squire was borne into Ballymahon, dead. A second attempt proved more successful, and the tyrant so long threatened met his doom at last. What a dynamite cartridge had failed to accomplish was effected in a moment by a peasant's blunderbuss.

I had left Ireland before this news reached me. I had exchanged into a regiment ordered on foreign service, and was busy preparing my outfit for India.

When I sailed, this was the police theory of the Ballymahon outrage. Brannigan, escorted by a party of moonlighters, had laid and fired the mine. Ignorant of the power of the explosive, the old man had not allowed himself time to escape, and in some incomprehensible way Miss Mahon had been involved in the destruction he had brought upon himself.

It was ascertained that a peasant girl had bought a ticket by the last train that had passed through Lifford that night. Therefore it was assumed that Annie Brannigan had carried out her original intention, and gone to America. But as far as could be learned, no one had seen her father since that evening. None of the gang who had seized me, and who were presumably accessories to the crime, could be identified, and there was no ground to hope that Sir Martin's assassin would be arrested.

So matters stood when I sailed for India.

VIII.—FOR HOME AND HAPPINESS AND LOVE.

I found a letter at my quarters one morning on my return from parade. It had been addressed to a firm of army agents in London, and by them forwarded to Nagpore. It was a long, closely written letter of many sheets, and as soon as I had read the first half-dozen lines I hastily penned a pressing request for leave of absence. Urgent private business demanded my presence at home. As soon as I had despatched this, I took up the letter again, and read it through with an emotion of wondering gratitude, which recurs as often as I think of that breathless Indian morning and the dusty barrack square of Nagpore. For this letter had been written a few brief weeks ago by a hand which I thought would never more have guided pen. It was from Kate Mahon.

She was at home again. No dynamite had wreaked its spite on her loveliness. She had heard the explosion, indeed, as I had heard it; but with no idea of its awful results. It had but served to quicken her pace with a vague sense of alarm, and she had reached Lifford in good time for the train. She had been careful to disguise herself in a cloak borrowed for the purpose from Annie Brannigan, and the precaution had proved effectual. The station-master had not recognized her; she had passed through Dublin unnoticed, and had crossed to Brussels the following night. There, in the shelter of her convent, she had awaited my coming.

She waited one day, two days, and then a newspaper was put into her hands. It contained an account of the appalling outrage at Ballymahon, and it stated that she and I had both fallen victims to the explosion. This was the first report, reflecting the earliest impressions that the scene had produced, and no other reached her. The shock prostrated her, and for days she lay unconscious, nursed by the good Sisters. As soon as she was fit to travel, she returned home.

A wretched home-coming for the poor girl! Her father, from whom she had parted almost in anger, lay cold in his grave, and the house that had sheltered her childhood was a mass of ruins. But for these changes she had been prepared. One piece of good news—so my darling wrote—awaited her as a consolation.

Appearances had proved misleading in my case as well as in hers, and there was no lack of witnesses to inform her that I had left Ireland alive and uninjured—"but sorely sad and sorely broken, they all tell me, my poor Frank."

The ring, the little turquoise circlet which I had seen so often on my darling's finger, and whose discovery on that piteous shattered hand had bade me banish my last hope—that ring was Miss Mahon's parting keepsake to her foster-sister. The mystery was cleared up in all its details. Old Brannigan and his daughter had perished in the destruction they had planned for another.

There is nothing more to tell. I was at my darling's side as quickly as steam-ship and railroad could bring me, and the joy of our meeting, though chastened by the still recent memory of an awful tragedy, made bountiful amends for much sorrow and suffering. We are married now, and Ballymahon, under Kate's wise and gentle rule, is fast living down the evil reputation that clung to it in the days of the Black Squire.

THE MENDELSSOHN GLEE CLUB'S LOVING-CUP.

At the annual meeting and dinner of the Mendelssohn Glee Club of this city, held at the Hotel Brunswick on May 5th, the retired members of the organization presented their younger brothers with a handsome silver flagon as a token of their affectionate interest, being, no doubt, of a like faith with King Henry:

> "Then shall our names,
> Familiar in their mouths as household words,
> Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered."

The cup shown in our illustration was made by the Whiting Manufacturing Company after a design by E. Hamilton Bell.

On a circular base stands a three-sided pedestal of Italian Renaissance design, from the corners of which rise three figures of sirens, who, with outstretched arms and wings, form the ornamental support of the vase. The three sirens are linked together by three lyres, which they hold in their hands. Resting on the heads of the sirens and on the tips of their wings is the richly chased rim of the cup, which curves outward to the lip. The cover is comparatively plain. From the base to the top of the ornament on the lid the cup stands a foot high.

On the three sides of the altar-like pedestal hang wreaths of laurel, within which are engraved the inscriptions: "The Mendelssohn Glee Club," "From its retired members, 1865–1891," and the seal of the Club. The last is a lyre surrounded by rays, among which appear the opening bars of Mendelssohn's "Sons of Art."

WHAT THE ARTISTS THINK OF SARGENT'S "BEATRICE."

The picture which attracts most general notice at the Exhibition of the Society of American Artists is Mr. John S. Sargent's portrait of Beatrice, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet, of New York. There is never a time from the opening to the closing of the doors of the Gallery that there are not about this wonderful work groups of artists, students, and others. It seems to delight the artists and students and many of these others, while it unquestionably bewilders a large section of the general public. Artists, who praise it in unqualified language, recognize that it may not be entirely satisfactory to all the people who see it, but they do not for a moment grant that this detracts in the slightest degree from the superlative merit of the work. It is, without doubt, the picture of the year, and is attracting a notice which was never given before to any American work in New York.

WILLIAM M. CHASE.

Mr. William M. Chase, President of the Society of American Artists, in speaking of the painting, said that it was another complete illustration going to prove what he had been asserting for some time past, that is, that Sargent is one of the foremost painters of the nineteenth century. "Why," said Mr. Chase, "Velasquez never did anything better than that. In making this portrait, Sargent has not only caught the likeness, but he has made a great picture which has a large value apart from its primary purpose, as, from an artistic stand-point, it is something more than a mere portrait of a charming little girl. In all probability it did not take Sargent more than two or three days to complete this picture, but the whole is the result of fifteen or eighteen years of study and practice, and therefore it might be said that it took him all that while to do it. What I have been insisting on for a long time," Mr. Chase continued, "is that a portrait should always be something more than a mere likeness. It should be a picture as well as a portrait, so that a gentleman in showing to his friends the portrait of his wife or his daughter could feel that he was exhibiting something besides the mere wooden likeness of a lady or a child as posed before an easel. Mr. Sargent is not always at his best; no man can be; but whatever he does is always interesting. This 'Beatrice,' however, is as good as anything he has ever done, and it seems to me wellnigh perfect. It is true he had a most enticing subject, and it is also true that Mrs. Goelet is a woman of such exquisite taste that she was capable of appreciating the great scheme which Sargent proposed. These two facts doubtless assisted him, but he never could have done it without the marvellous technique of which he is master. What his mind conceives his hand is able to execute without difficulty, and in this lies the secret of his power. We all think beautiful things, but we lack power to express them either in words or on canvas. This power of expression is what makes the orator, the poet, and the artist different from others. In my teaching, I always insist that unless a pupil can attain the power to express with the hand what the mind conceives, then that pupil will never be able to accomplish anything worth the while. I don't know what the general public may think of this painting," Mr. Chase added, "but if any one would know its real value as a contribution to contemporary art, all that is needed is to ask the artists of New York what they think of it. It is a privilege," said Mr. Chase, "to possess such a painting as this. Some persons have bought old portraits, and set them up as those of their ancestors; but with a portrait like this the owner has all that is to be desired—a likeness and a beautiful picture as well. Thousands of persons who may see this beautiful canvas will doubtless regret that they do not possess portraits of their mothers and grandmothers done at such an age, and conceived in such a masterly manner."

J. ALDEN WEIR.

Mr. J. Alden Weir, the well-known artist and distinguished portrait-painter, in speaking of Mr. Sargent's "Beatrice," said: "I think it a piece of character and direct impression of nature such as no other man I know of could render to-day. The thing that strikes me most in the painting is that Sargent has painted his impression of the subject as he saw it, and not as he thought it ought to be, therefore it is distinctly an impression of nature and not a mere imitation of nature. In this regard the picture recalls Velasquez. I do not mean to say that Sargent affects Velasquez; but this particular picture, in the regard I have mentioned, certainly has that characteristic impression of nature that made Velasquez great. Looking not for detail, but for the large truths of values, the work fills the mind with all that could be desired. As a painter of character, I know of no one in any country who approaches Sargent. In the unaffected pose of this child there is all the charming character of naïveté, combined with an air of distinction, which makes it to me one of the great portraits of the age, or of any age." Mr. Weir regretted that a temporary illness prevented him from discussing the merits of the picture at length, but he said he was glad, whether ill or not, to give his impressions of this distinguished portrait.

KENYON COX.

Mr. Kenyon Cox said, at the Holbein Studios, that this painting placed Sargent at the very head of all modern portrait-painters. "It is as good as anything Velasquez ever did," he said; "and nothing higher than this could be said. At the exhibition the other day, while before the picture, I said to some friends and brother artists that it seemed almost absurd that an American only thirty-four years old should paint right here in New York a portrait as good as ever was made at any time anywhere. But this is what Sargent has done. The pose, the character, of childhood, indeed, everything about the picture, is perfect. It is an illustration of Sargent's marvellous mastery of technique. I don't believe that any other man in the world could have done this thing. Sargent is uneven in his work—sometimes, perhaps, his subjects do not interest him—but whatever he does is always interesting, and his really good things have been getting steadily better and better. This is the best thing I have seen of his, and probably it is the best thing he has done; but he is only a very young man, and if he keeps on getting stronger and stronger, as he has been doing, there is no telling what will be the result. Within his lines—that is, as a portrait-painter—he is now, as I have said before, the first man in the world. There are other men who make compositions, and still others who paint with great care and exactness, and both of these do most admirable work. It would be unprofitable to compare Sargent with either of these classes; but as he is very young yet, and also reticent about his intentions and ambitions, there is no telling what direction his art may take at any time. Until this picture was painted, there has never before been a time when it could be said that an American stood at the head of any branch of art."

J. W. ALEXANDER.

Mr. J. W. Alexander, the portrait-painter, paused from his work of packing, preparatory to a two and a half years' visit to Europe, to say: "I think Mr. Sargent one of the greatest of living painters, and that this portrait of Beatrice is one of the best things he has ever done. It may sound extravagant, considering the unevenness of Mr. Sargent's work, to say that there is no one I know of who can do a head so well as the poorest head I have ever seen painted by him. The Vanderbilt portrait in the Academy would be a most extraordinary performance if signed by any other name than that of Mr. Sargent, but judging it by the high standard of his own achievements, it is a little disappointing. It may be that he was not altogether in sympathy with his subject. But the portrait of Beatrice leaves nothing to be desired. I am not sure, however, that the public will at once appreciate Mr. Sargent's work as painters do, and my reason for this doubt I will give with an illustration. In the house of one of our best-known men in New York are two portraits of members of the family, and they hang opposite each other. One of these portraits was painted by the most incompetent of all the members of the Academy. A more wooden, dead, expressionless, and worthless portrait was scarcely ever seen. Opposite to this is a portrait by Sargent, and it is one of his masterpieces. The family pass by the Sargent, and admire the wooden work of the Academician. And so also is it with the general run of friends and visitors to the house. The owners secretly, if not openly, regret that Sargent was ever commissioned to paint the portrait, and wish that both of the canvases had been by the hand which made the daub on the opposite wall. No; Mr. Huntington did not make the other picture, it was made by one much less able than he."

FRANK D. MILLET.

"Nearly all the art critics, and the artists too, for that matter," said Mr. Frank D. Millet, "seem inclined to compare Sargent's work generally, and this charming picture of 'Beatrice' particularly, to Velasquez. If they do not set up a comparison, they at least say that it suggests Velasquez or recalls Velasquez. I don't see why they should do this. I don't see why they should not just as well compare this picture to any other master of portraiture. This portrait and Sargent's work generally have excellences which belong peculiarly to him. Then, again, these critics and artists talk a great deal about Sargent's mastery of technique. Here, again, I disagree with them, for Sargent is superior to technique. There are many men who in this regard surpass him, because with them the technique is the end and not the means. Indeed, in the mere matter of painting itself, and I take this to be what the critics mean by technique, Sargent's strength does not par-

ticularly lie. His other peculiar qualities enable him to produce results which are entirely satisfactory as distinct from fine painting. His master, for instance, Carolus Duran, probably has quite as masterly a technique as Sargent, but Sargent has something beyond his master, and that is style. When he paints a portrait of a man or a woman or a child, there never fails to be something distinguished about the personality of the subject. This style is the crowning glory of his work. But, in the first instance, he does that to perfection without which no portrait has any value—he catches the character of the subject, and he retains it with a marvellous fidelity. But there is another thing which he does, that is, he never fails to catch the evanescent expression and to preserve it. How he does this, I am sure I don't know. In this he accomplishes without apparent effort that which appears to utterly baffle nearly all artists who attempt portraits. I do not care to compare Sargent with any other painter living or dead—what's the use?—but to show what I think of him, I will say that I have had three members of my family painted by him, and I should rather have a portrait of myself done by him than by any one else of whom I know."

TSCHAIKOWSKY AND THE MUSIC FESTIVAL.

The music hall at Fifty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue, founded by Andrew Carnegie, will be dedicated to the divine Muse by Bishop Potter on the evening of May 5th, and to celebrate its completion a music festival from the above date to May 9th inclusive will inaugurate its career. Nearly every artist of any note will take part in this symposium of music. Frau Antonia Mielke, Mlle. Clementine de Vere, Mrs. Gerrit Smith, Mrs. Theodore J. Toedt, Miss Anna Luella Kelly, Mrs. Koert Kronold, Frau Marie Ritter-Goetze, Mrs. Carl Alves, Mrs. Clapper-Morris, Signor Italo Campanini, Herr Andreas Dippel, Mr. Thomas Ebert, Herr Theodor Reichmann, Herr Emil Fischer, Herr Conrad Behrens, Mr. Ericson Bushnell, Fräulein Adele Aus der Ohe, and Mr. Frank L. Sealy, together with the assistance of the Symphony Society orchestra, the Oratorio Society chorus, and a boys' choir of 100 voices, under the direction of Wenzel Raboch, will find important parts on the programme. Such an array of soloists and surroundings has never graced any music festival we have yet had in New York. The home element, too, is well represented, for while most of the artists are of foreign birth, the majority of those chosen look upon New York as their homes; and as true art ignores the question of birthplace, the programme can be accepted as representing the best in musicians the metropolis commands. The opening number on May 5th will be "Old Hundred," to be followed by Beethoven's *Leonore* overture No. III., Bishop Potter's oration, the national hymn "America," Tschaikowsky's first appearance in America—conducting his "Marche Solennelle"—and ending with Berlioz's Te Deum (first time in New York) for solo, triple chorus, and orchestra, with Signor Campanini as the soloist.

May 6th, *Elijah* will be rendered, with Miss Kelly, Frau Ritter-Goetze, Frau Mielke, Herr Andreas Dippel, Mr. Thomas Ebert, Herr Emil Fischer, and Mr. Bushnell as soloists. There will be no concert on Thursday evening, but an afternoon performance, at which the overture and grand finale, Act II., of Mozart's *Figaro* will be given, the soloists in the latter number being Frau Mielke, Mlle. de Vere, Frau Goetze, Herr Dippel, Herr Reichmann, Herr Fischer, and Herr Behrens; Tschaikowsky will also conduct his Suite No. III. for orchestra, Mlle. de Vere will sing an aria from Massenet's *L'Esclarmonde*, and Reichmann will be heard in an aria from the same composer's *Roi de Lahore*; the prelude and finale from Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* will wind up that afternoon's work. On Friday evening, May 8th, will be produced Heinrich Schuetz's "Seven Words of our Saviour" (seventeenth century), for soli, chorus, string orchestra, and organ, performed on this occasion for the first time in this country; the soloists who will have the honor of interpreting this work are Frau Mielke, Frau Ritter-Goetze, Herr Dippel, Herr Reichmann, and Mr. Ericson Bushnell; another interesting event for that evening will be Tschaikowsky's two "capella choruses" "Pater Noster" and "Legend," also new to our music-loving public, and, of course, conducted by the composer in person; Dr. Leopold Damrosch's "Sulamith" also finds a place on the programme. For the Saturday matinée, May 9th, the musical repast is indeed an epicurean one; Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Tschaikowsky's Concerto, B-flat minor, opus 23, for piano and orchestra, conducted by the eminent Russian, with Miss Aus der Ohe at the piano; besides these numbers Mrs. Carl Alves will sing "To Sleep" (after Tennyson), by Walter Damrosch, and Tschaikowsky's "So Schmerzlich," the programme concluding with the prelude and flower-maiden scene from Wagner's *Parsifal*, for six solo voices and female chorus. This work will bring into requisition the services of such admirable artists as Mrs. Gerrit Smith, Mrs. Toedt, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Koert Kronold, Mrs. Alves, and Mrs. Morris. Saturday evening, May 9th, the *pièce de résistance* and closing event of the festival will be Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, with Mlle. de Vere, Mrs. Carl Alves, Herr Andreas Dippel, Herr Emil Fischer, and Mr. Ericson Bushnell intrusted with the solo parts. Mr. Walter Damrosch, to whose enthusiastic energy this festival owes its origin, will wield the conductor's baton for the entire programme. A glance at this musical feast spread before us shows, on the whole, a wise discrimination in the choice of the *menu*. The strictly classical, the sacred, the oratorio, the music drama, the modern French and Russian schools, all receive a place upon the festal board; but why amongst such a galaxy of names as Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Handel, and Wagner do we miss the name of Robert Schumann upon the programme? and surely Brahms, among modern composers, outranks Massenet and Berlioz. Naturally undue length for the programmes of a music festival extending over the best part of a week as this one does must be guarded against, but to exclude that great tone poet and inspired genius Schumann from a place in the musical ceremonies of dedicating this magnificent music hall is a trifle suggestive of an anti-climax, to say the least.

The notable event of the festival will be the first appearance in this country of the celebrated Russian composer M. P. I. Tschaikowsky. Efforts were made at first looking to the appearance of his countryman and former master Anton Rubinstein, but gathering years and infirmities, to say nothing of his horror of the sea, precluded the possibility of any arrangement. Brahms was also approached, but his lethargic nature did not respond with alacrity to the invitation; but Tschaikowsky's quick-moving Russian spirit grasped the opportunity at once.

Peter Iltitsch Tschaikowsky was born April 25, 1840, at Wotkinsk, in the government of Wiatka (Ural District), where his father was engineer to the imperial mines. In 1850 his father was appointed director of the Technological Institute at St. Petersburg, and there the boy entered the school of jurisprudence, into which only the sons of high-class government officials are admitted. He completed his prescribed course in 1859, and was thereupon appointed to a post in the ministry of justice. He thus, like Von Bülow, began his career as a lawyer, or, more properly speaking, as a clerk in the law department of the Russian government. In 1862, however, when the Conservatoire of Music was founded at St. Petersburg, he left the service of the state and entered the new school as a student of music. He remained there till 1865, studying harmony and counterpoint under Professor Zaremba, and composition under Anton Rubinstein. In 1865 he took his diploma as musician, together with a prize medal for the composition of a cantata on Schiller's ode "An die Freude." In 1866 Nicholas Rubinstein invited him to take the post of Professor of Harmony, Composition, and the History of Music at the new Conservatoire of Moscow. He held the post for twelve years, doing admirable service for the institution.

Unlike his famous countryman and contemporary Rubinstein, Tschaikowsky is pre-eminently a composer and conductor, not a pianist, in which rôle he of the leonine mane and ponderous hands first made himself famous. In 1878 Tschaikowsky gave up teaching, and has since confined himself to composition and directing. A group of four of the greatest of living composers—Brahms, Rubinstein, Tschaikowsky, and Dvorak—offers an interesting study as to the fountain sources of their musical inspiration. The first, clearly a follower of Beethoven and Schumann, belongs to the imaginative and romantic school of composers; while Rubinstein, Dvorak, and Tschaikowsky seek for inspiration in the rich field of Slavonian Folkslieder. Here they have every possible element to add fire to their own musical minds, as the lover, the soldier, the priest, the joyous peasant life, all find tumultuous expression in the Folkslieder of western Europe, and Tschaikowsky takes the fullest liberty in applying them to his own fecund intellect. From the cradle to the grave song is the constant companion of the Russian's life. The sports of childhood, the pleasures of youth, and all the varied occupations of mature years have each its own appropriate accompaniment in song. And the love of the Russian peasant for his national airs is fully shared by his more educated countrymen.

Russian songs, as a rule, have a distinctly local character. In Great Russia, for example, their dominant qualities are gayety and brightness; while the superior charm of the songs of Little Russia is due, for the most part, to a prevailing cast of melancholy. These Russian folk-songs are always metrical, and the metre is usually very free and elastic, but they are never rhymed, and rarely sung with instrumental accompaniment. And although Tschaikowsky's music is far more cosmopolitan in form and built upon grander lines than the compositions of his countrymen Glinka, Napravnik, Davidof, Borodin, Serof, Genischta, and Dargomijsky, yet all his works are colored by the influences of the folk-song of his native land. He also makes use of certain quaint harmonic sequences peculiar to Russian church music. He is fond, too, of huge and fantastic outlines, of bold modulations and strongly marked rhythms, of subtle melodic turns, and delights in gorgeous effects of orchestration. His music, in fact, bears the impress of the Slavonic temperament—fiery exaltation on a basis of languid melancholy, carrying with it, too, the distinctive mark of genuine spontaneous originality. Dr. Leopold Damrosch must be credited with introducing this composer to the American public, about fourteen years ago, through his suite for string orchestra; but he is best known to us through his concertos for piano-forte and orchestra, and within the last four years Mr. Walter Damrosch has also made us familiar with his symphonies. Now that we are to have the composer himself, a Tschaikowsky "fad" may appear among us; at all events, his presence will attract attention to his really beautiful and widely variegated music, instrumental, vocal, and orchestral.

He has composed over three hundred works, among them a number of operas and five symphonies; he has besides edited a number of musical text-books for school use in Russia. His first opera was *Voïevode*, produced at St. Petersburg in 1869; he also took the prize offered by the Grand Duchess Helen for the writing of a score of an opera arranged from Gogul's *Vacoula, the Blacksmith*. This was a success secured in open competition, and the opera was first presented at Moscow, at the Theatre Marie, in 1876. Tschaikowsky arrived in this country, accompanied by his wife, on the *La Bretagne* on the 26th ult. He is a man of average height, of portly presence; his hair, which is almost white, is worn long, but not extravagantly so, and he has the suavity, polish, and elegance of manner so noticeable in the educated Russian. Curious to relate, M. Tschaikowsky *speaks* English with some effort, but *understands* hardly a word, and the best medium of intercourse with him is German. This condition of affairs arises from the fact that he has learned all his English from reading it, but the harmony (?) of our tongue has entirely escaped his musical imagination.

Taken altogether, M. Tschaikowsky's appearance among us is an event in the musical world of the first importance, ranking, as he does, among the greatest of living composers. Of the beautiful music hall founded by the munificent public spirit of Mr. Andrew Carnegie too much cannot be said in praise. The recital hall, thirty feet below the level of the street, is the first attempt in this country to convert the basement into use for amusement purposes. This is a hint borrowed from Wyndham's Criterion Theatre in London. The main hall is a radical departure from the stiff, barren-looking rooms we have been accustomed to, in that it has two tiers of boxes rising above the main floor. The prevailing style of architectural decoration of the interior is "free Italian," the predominating tint in fresco-work and upholstery, "old-rose." The acoustic properties of both halls have already been tried and pronounced perfect. It is hoped, of course, by the projectors of this enterprise that the building can be made financially successful; but the real object has been to provide a series of music halls under one roof, untrammelled by any outside influences, and genuinely devoted to the best interests of music, music lovers, and musicians. In this laudable effort, and one which the public has already fully recognized, Mr. Morris Reno and Mr. Walter Damrosch have taken commanding parts. Backed up by Mr. Carnegie's unselfish public spirit, they have had erected a music hall capable of meeting any demands that can be made upon it. The music festival with which it opens its doors is a promise of generous endeavor for its future life and prosperity.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND AGRICULTURAL BUILDINGS.

There will be no form or fashion of architectural conception at the Columbian Exposition more truly beauteous than the building of the Administration. An English woman says that no true painter ever put on canvas all the vision that his soul conceived. Architecture, in its more uncabined scope, is a fine art. And if the concrete works of a Michael Angelo are only the shadows, so to say, of the richer illumination that filled his being, certainly we can take those of a less versatile genius as being an earnest of his innate power—of his unmanifested purpose. Mr. Richard M. Hunt, of New York, has followed the Carthaginians in gilding the great dome, but he has given to his design for the Administration Building a voluptuousness of effect, a harmony of feeling, a wealth of purpose, that are all his own. Months ago it was decided by the managers of the Fair that the threads of all the groups and buildings should be gathered up and tied into a knot of many beauties in the structure for the Administration. Its site was therefore selected with this aim in view, and the task of designing it was given advisedly to the president of the American Association of Architects. He exceeded the expectation of the managers, and the gentlemen who have seen his work have spared no eulogium.

The technical description of the building, shorn of its more precise and artistic nomenclature, begins with the area the structure will cover on the earth, which will be 250 feet square. The building will have four stories, and from the lower structure will rise wavily toward the sky a grand dome 250 feet high, guarded by four pavilions, each eighty-four feet square, and rising sixty-five feet to the top of the main cornice. In the first story the order of the Doric has been preserved. Heroic proportion has been followed herein, and about it will run a lofty balustrade, thrown out into piers at the angles of each pavilion. In this section of the design sculpture has been drawn upon very freely. In the second story the order of the Ionic has been preserved. Here has been provided a spacious colonnade, commanding a most comprehensive view. "The general design," says the description, "is in the style of the French Renaissance, carried out in the academic manner of the École des Beaux Arts."

The faces of the four elevations are all alike. Each is provided with a grand entrance fifty feet wide and of a similar height. The doorways are very deeply recessed, and covered by semicircular arched vaults richly coffered. At the level of the office doors are the galleries of communication between the pavilions. At each side of the entrance and in the angles of the pavilion groups of sculpture of appropriate and emblematic character are designed to be placed. The main feature of the building is, of course, the dome, which will be 120 feet in diameter and 250 feet in height. The four pavilions above which it rises are placed at the angles of the square of the plan. Between them, recessed in the centre of each principal façade, are the four entrances to the central rotunda under the dome. Between these, connecting the pavilion with the great rotunda, is a loggia thirty feet square, giving access to the offices of the Administration, and containing the broad stairs and the elevators running to the landings above. The pavilions have each four stories, that are divided into rooms and quarters for the practical uses of the Administration. They will be supplied with spacious halls, bureau rooms, and toilets. Externally the design may be divided in its height into three principal stages. The first stage consists of the four pavilions, corresponding in height with the other buildings grouped about it, that are to be sixty-five feet high. The second stage, which is of the same height, is a continuation of the central rotunda, 175 feet square, surrounded on all sides by an open colonnade of noble proportions. This colonnade is twenty feet wide and forty high, with columns four feet in diameter. The third stage consists of the base of the great dome, thirty feet in height and octagonal in form, and also of the dome itself, rising in graceful lines, with heavily moulded ribs and panels of sculpture. The dome will be gilded, and will be seen at the end of every vista.

Such will be the structure as it will be seen from the outside. But no less gorgeous will be the interior. The rotunda, mentioned elsewhere, will be of octagonal form. The first story will be composed of eight great arches, being the complement of the arches of the entrances. Above them will run a frieze twenty-seven feet wide, the panels of which will be ornate with figures carved in low relief and covered with commemorative inscription. The chief story of the rotunda is crowned with an elaborately decorated cornice, surmounted by a continuous gallery correspondential to the exterior colonnade. The walls of the second story are to be embellished with pilasters, and between them a frieze of windows giving light to the rotunda from the rear wall of the surrounding colonnade. From the top of the cornice of this story will rise the interior of the dome, 200 feet from the floor. In the centre will be placed an opening of fifty feet in diameter for the purposes of illumination. The basin of the dome will be enriched with deep panellings crowded with sculpture and magnified paintings, in which will be told the histories of the arts and sciences. This dome, it is said, will surpass in size any other similar affair in the world.

The uses to which the pavilions on the ground-floors will be put are commonplace and practical. In one will be stationed the departments of the police and fire; in another, the offices of the ambulance and hospital services, the quarters of the Exposition physician and pharmacy, the foreign department, and the bureau of information; in a third will be a post-office and a bank; and a fourth will be made into a house of public comfort and a restaurant. It will be in the second, third, and fourth stories that the more dignified features of the Department of Administration will be located. Here will be the suite of the Director-General, the rooms of the various boards and committees, the department of publicity and promotion (presided over by Moses P. Handy), and the quarters of the Columbian Commission.

The chief of construction said well when he said that the Administration Building would be the focus of the Fair. That it will, and it will also hold the most commanding position.

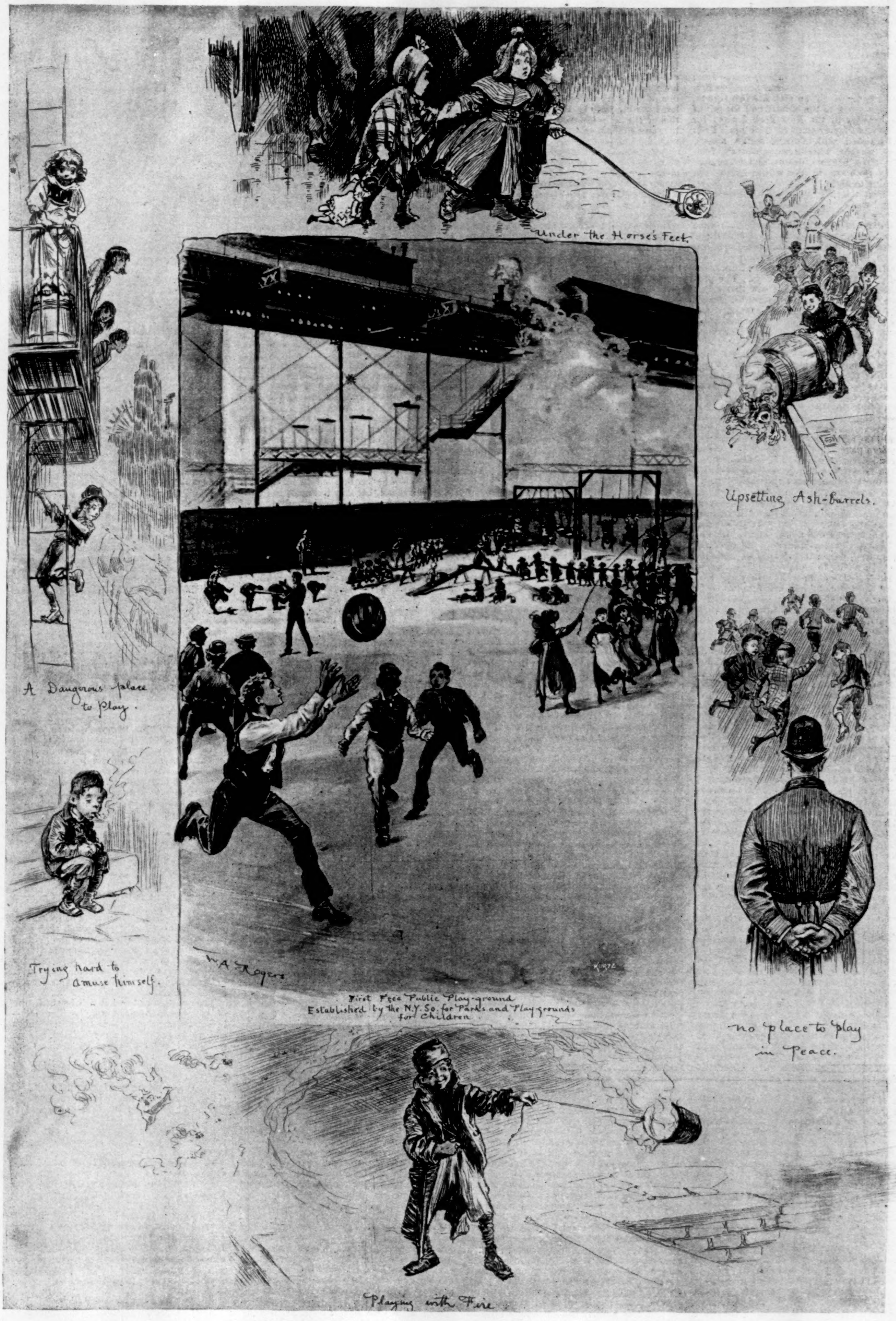
Looking down toward the southeast from the balcony, one can see the stately proportions of the Hall of Agriculture, designed too by New-Yorkers, Messrs. McKim, Mead, and White. This building will be of enormous proportions, and one of the largest of the Exposition. In length it will measure 900 feet and in width 500 feet. It will be situated in the southeast section of the site.

The ornamentation of the building will, rightly enough, be very suggestive of Ceres. Indeed the whole treatment in the sculpture breathes a spirit of paganism, and asks that even we bow to ancient thought in personifying and apotheosizing such an importantly human interest as agriculture. Constructively there will be four corner pavilions 64 feet

THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers after the Accepted Plans.

square, surmounted by domes 95 feet high, sustaining groups of statuary. "Curtains" connect the four corners, forming a continuous arcade that is 24 feet wide and 30 feet high, and separated from the interior by walls that are designed to be made largely of glass. This arcade is, too, a colonnade, so numerous and so highly ornamented are its pillars and its columns, with their arches 28 feet from centre to centre. There are subordinate entrances with Corinthian columns. These entrances are 20 feet in width, and enriched with groups of appropriate statuary. The roof will be of glass, and the cornice will complete the structure with a costly band of decoration. The grand entrance will be placed in the middle of the north front. A colossal Ceres, flowing with grain and soft in her plenty, will rise before it. The centre pavilion, which will be 144 feet square, will be really a modernized temple of the goddess, wherein the Roman poet might feel deft and familiar even to the vigorous coloring, whose harmonies shall be no less striking than were those in the bordered peristylium of his own ancient dwelling-place. A special admiration for the ancients has been manifested here. The pavilion will project 30 feet north of the main wall, and will be supplied at the entrance with four free-standing columns. Thus will be given an approach of 64 feet to the vestibule, that will be 24 feet, and this vestibule will lead in turn to a rotunda 100 feet in diameter, under a glass dome 130 feet high. It would appear that the architect designer, when he made this arrangement, had in his mind's eye a ground-plan of the living-house of some wealthy Roman citizen of the Augustan age. The pediment surmounting the main entrance (really the Temple of Ceres) will be surmounted by a majestic group of caryatides, bound by noble groupings, with inscriptions in Latin, Greek, English, and Italian.

Over the top of the agricultural building the observer will look from the grand plaza of the administration building into the blue surface of Lake Michigan. Let him turn his eyes nearer to the south, and he will be amazed at the mammoth proportions of the machinery building and hall for the liberal arts. Let him look to the north, and the gleaming turrets of the electricity building, with its "tiara of proud towers," will awaken him to a realization of all that is complex in the age. Beside it will be the buildings for mines and metallurgy, and as he glances over the waters of the inlet he will see reposing near the shore of the lake and on his left the great building of the manufacturers. To the west, to the south, and to the north he will be surrounded by all the composite beauty of the entire group of buildings. But the most entrancing prospect will be that which will open up directly in front of him to the east. Hither he can see the broad avenue of pleasing green and glittering water, flanked on either side by the noble faces of grand structures, mollified with the reposeful effect of distance; while away seaward will rise the harbored fleets of small boats under the semicircular pier and imposing columns of the thirteen States; and beyond this still, the Greek pavilion rising out of the waves, and, still further, the dreamy water mingling with the horizon of gray.



THE CHILDREN'S PUBLIC PLAY-GROUNDS.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 350.]

PLAY-GROUNDS FOR CHILDREN.

NEW YORK has two plots of ground improved especially for the sports of children, and superintended in their interest. One measures 50 by 100 feet, and was opened a year ago through the exertions of two philanthropic women, in West Fiftieth Street, near the North River. The other extends from Ninety-first to Ninety-second Street on Second Avenue, covers an area 200 feet square, and was given to the children on the 8th of last January by the New York Society for Parks and Play-grounds for Children. Each is furnished with swings, seesaw stands, small wagons, wheelbarrows, shovels, footballs, flags, banners, drums, and a heap of sand. Both are crowded with children from morning to night.

When the Ninety-second Street playground was opened last winter the muscular activity of children in that neighborhood was devoted principally to smashing windows, fighting, and abusing smaller children. Games and recognized sports seemed to be unknown, and the ground at first simply served as a larger field for the rough and unorganized pastimes of the larger boys. The promoters of the scheme soon saw that space alone was not sufficient to reform the recreations of the children, but that supervision was necessary. The children did not know how to play; and if they had known, the larger boys would have monopolized all the appliances for games with which the society fitted up the grounds. A fence ten feet high surrounding the plot, several hand-to-hand encounters between the roughest boys and the persons in charge of the grounds, and the arrest of four ringleaders among the invaders, served the cause of peace so well that the play-ground is now the undisturbed possession of the children, as many as five hundred of whom patronize it in a day. The system of admission tickets, which has been adopted as the fairest to all concerned, shows that a thousand boys and girls enjoy the privileges of the ground.

Amusing and pathetic incidents alternated in early attempts to teach the children how to play the ordinary games of little folk. Two young men one morning gave some of the boys at the play-ground an object-lesson in leap-frog, which they had never seen before. In trying to imitate their instructors, the lads acted as clumsily as if they had been young Hottentots taking their first lessons in the waltz; and one of them, who could have swam across the North River, or run from Central Park to the Battery, fell flat upon his nose, bruising his face so badly that the services of a physician had to be secured.

As a result of three months' training in this out-door gymnasium, the power of endurance for all sports has increased perceptibly in the children. The improvement in the physical condition of the girls is even more marked than in the case of the boys. Their cheeks are ruddier, their step stronger, and their appetites are better than before enjoying this course of exercise. The last result is not always acceptable to parents, one father prohibiting his three daughters from visiting the play-ground any longer, saying that the family grocer's bills had materially increased since his children began to take so much exercise in the open air.

The moral improvement observable in the children is the most hopeful result of the training at the play-ground. Persons with old-fashioned notions regarding the innocence of childhood would have had their ideas rudely upset could they have heard a few sample sentences from the mouths of some of the boys and girls who thronged the play-ground at its opening. Nothing was too blasphemous nor too foul for them to utter in their ordinary conversation, and the most vivid imagination can hardly duplicate the vocabulary of one of these sucklings when angry. By adhering strictly to the rule of instantly ejecting every boy and girl guilty of improper language, the character of these children's conversation has been radically changed. Not only has their language been reformed, but a sense of justice has been developed which seemed entirely wanting at first. Large boys and girls, who two months ago would monopolize all the toys as soon as the superintendent's back was turned, now understand the power and the benefit of organization, and cheerfully accept their share in the amusements provided.

It is the purpose of the Society for Parks and Play-grounds for Children to establish recreation-grounds in every ward of New York, and to interest in the movement public-spirited residents of other cities. Blocks of tenements have been selected for demolition in the most thickly crowded districts, and the society hopes to interest the local government in opening and preserving these spaces for purposes of health and sport. A report has just been issued by the Corporation Counsel of New York showing that there is no legal obstacle in the way of opening Rutgers Slip as a play-ground. It is expected that the Board of Street Opening and Improvement will soon convert this venerable garbage dump into a park 300 by 80 feet in extent. This will be the only public breathing-spot for the thirty thousand children of the Seventh Ward. There are still five hundred thousand children in the city for whom no provision for recreation exists, the few open spaces in the parks being either hampered by restrictions with which the children of the poor cannot comply, or monopolized by the larger boys. Moreover, it is impossible for large numbers of children to fully enjoy the advantages of a park without the presence of a superintendent and organizer of games, whose whole time is spent in their interest. Last fall plans were prepared by the Department of Parks for a playhouse in Central Park near the Carrousel, and for laying out a large lawn as a play-ground. Action has since been blocked by the opposition of one of the Park Commissioners. The matter, however, will be brought to the attention of the State law-makers next year. At the same time an effort will be made to connect the play-ground and the public-school systems, rendering it possible to offer special privileges of out-door recreation as inducements to good work in the class-rooms. The society will also advocate surrounding all new school-houses with ample grounds.

The New York Society for Parks and Play-grounds for Children was incorporated under a special law passed by the New York Legislature, May 15, 1888, giving the society unusual powers, including the appointment of special police. A society in Brooklyn has been incorporated under the same law, and a similar organization exists in Boston. Special legislation in behalf of the movement will be asked in several States. Perhaps no better idea can be gained of the variety of interests pledged to the movement in New York than from a list of the incorporators of the society. They are Bishop Henry C. Potter, Abram S. Hewitt, Andrew H. Green, Felix Adler, Erastus Wiman, Henry F. Beekman, Woodbury G. Langdon, William Rhinelander Stewart; the Revs. Alexander Mackay-Smith, David H. Greer, Charles H. Parkhurst, Charles F. Deems, Rabbi Gustav Gottheil, A. C. Bernheim, Charles B. Stover, Walter Vrooman, Walter Edwards, and De Witt J. Seligman.

WALTER VROOMAN.

REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D.

THE election of Dr. Brooks as Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Massachusetts has excited a deep interest among the members of all Christian bodies in this country. As the rector of Trinity Church, Boston, for over twenty years, he has so lived and preached the gospel as to command the respect of all men, however some of them may differ from him in doctrine. His reputation is felt to be of that kind which makes every Christian church stronger for good. And it has the peculiar distinction of impressing men who care little for any other religious teacher. "Men of the world," as they are called, know perfectly well that in listening to Dr. Brooks they are being addressed by one who, if he rebukes and shames them, does so not in ignorance of human life and nature, but with a thorough knowledge of society in all its phases, from the tenement to the palace, and with a varied acquaintance among all classes, from the hand-worker to the statesman. Men who worship only intellect speak of him with unwonted regard and esteem, and feel that here is a force with which they must reckon. They respect in him a simplicity of life, a depth of thought and love of truth, equal to all that is best among them. A peculiar solidity thus marks Dr. Brooks's fame as a preacher. Those who are intimate with him are conscious that while, like all other men, he has certain faults and imperfections, he yet justifies the verdict of the public, and that his character nobly illustrates the old Latin description of "totus, teres, atque rotundus."

The significance of this latter fact is greater than is commonly supposed by those who have not studied the lives of celebrated preachers. The gifts of such men are of a kind that not only expose them to temptations of unusual strength, but are also apt to weaken their power of resistance. The admiration which they win, while commonly of the evanescent kind, is peculiarly dazzling and intoxicating while it lasts. And it is directed against the moral and spiritual nature of some who, by virtue of their power to excite the emotions of mixed multitudes of people, must themselves be of a somewhat emotional temperament. "Those who seek to bring back the wealth of the Indies must carry it out with them," says the Spanish proverb. To persuade, uplift, and at last overpower into enthusiastic adherence to divine truth a vast audience, whose lower and habitual mood that truth rebukes, a speaker must possess a more fervid imagination, a warmer heart, a more sympathetic spirit, than other men. These are dangerous as well as splendid gifts. They explain why the lives of some great preachers have been clouded by merited suspicion, or even by detected moral guilt. We need not suppose that such men have necessarily been hypocrites. We are glad to believe that there is an easier and truer explanation. They have largely fallen victims, as the French express it, to "the vices of their virtues." Some have been corrupted by flattery; others been hurried to ruin by misplaced affection; others, still again, injured by that fatal tendency to be satisfied with the society of their inferiors, which seems a peculiar weakness in many great orators. It is not, therefore, among the least of these powers which have made Dr. Brooks's ministry a force for righteousness that he has kept himself aloof from all dangers of this kind. The loathsome taint of vulgar gossip has never touched his name. He has dwelt apart from the multitude that first fawns and then sneers. He has provoked no envy of the baser kind, and his varied gifts seem to have been so completely under the control of a nature disciplined by religion that his preaching has been free to act with unrestrained power upon the souls of his hearers.

The characteristics of Dr. Brooks's preaching appear to combine two qualities which are commonly held to contradict each other, viz., depth and clearness. His style is one of great simplicity. One may examine his published sermons, and find on page after page few words of more than two syllables, few sentences with more than one verb, and few paragraphs that have not in them more words of Anglo-Saxon than of classic origin. But the thought in these sermons searches and explores realms in the soul of the reader which he has seldom examined for himself. The quality is intensely subjective. Slight reference is made to history, to art or science, and few generalizations are allowed. The listener's thoughts are not permitted to wander over the universe, allured by the speaker's descriptive power, but he is closely kept to the main point of the personal relation between himself and God. It is quietly assumed that he is better than he realizes, that he has in him a spark of the divine life, and that it may be fanned into flame if the rocky débris of selfishness and worldliness that stifles it can be removed. The different qualities of the spiritual life are closely analyzed, its manifestations are followed out in all their subtle windings, while the text is unfolded, depth on depth, until it seems to speak with hitherto unsuspected voices to the listening soul. So rapid is the utterance of the speaker, and so introspective his style, that it requires the closest attention to follow him, and to keep at the exalted level of spiritual-mindedness along which he moves. He hurries on like the Greek youth bearing his laurel branch from the field of battle with its message of victory, and it seems to the hearers as if, like him, he might sink breathless in the market-place, overcome both by speed and by emotion. When he has finished, he leaves them in such a mood that they feel ready to follow Christian virtue at all hazards, and to say of Christian faith, in the sublime words of Milton:

> "So absolute she seems,
> And in herself complete, so well to know
> Her own, that what she wills to do or say
> Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."

The natural criticism on such preaching is that it requires somewhat more than an average education in the members of the congregation to be properly helped by it. This is undoubtedly true. Although Dr. Brooks has more than once preached with general acceptance at meetings organized by Messrs. Moody and Sankey for revival purposes, he is not, in the ordinary meaning of a poor phrase, a preacher to the masses. The writer well remembers the remark made to him by an uneducated man after listening to such a sermon: "It was splendid, sir, but I couldn't keep up." But there are multitudes who can, and among them happen to be thousands of souls reached, as already said, in no thorough way by any other preacher. No educated person ill with the malarious diseases of our self-conscious, morbid, supercilious age can listen to teaching like this without being roused into nobler manhood if the root of the matter be in him. And it would be equally desirable that a year of such instruction should be offered to those multitudes of young men knocking at the door of all professions, confident that they "know it all," and prepared to sacrifice earlier and better ideals to the supreme object of "getting on in the world."

Such is the man whom the Episcopal Church in Massachusetts has honored itself in choosing as Bishop. It is quite conceivable that a considerable number of the clergy of that Church should sincerely regret his election. Some of them, while personally honoring Dr. Brooks, differed so widely from him in their theological views that they considered it wrong to give a supposed indorsement to such views by their votes. Others were reluctant to withdraw Dr. Brooks even partially from the pulpit of Trinity Church. But to the great majority of the clergy, as the vote proves, no other choice was possible. They grasped the providential opportunity to show men that whatever difference might exist, they honored and supremely valued their foremost man. To ask whether he was as well fitted as some others for certain duties of the episcopal office, to appeal to High Church or Low Church or Broad Church views and prejudices was but to "darken counsel." In Dr. Brooks the world honored a man who had done more to commend the Episcopal Church to the respect of men than any one in the history of New England. And above and beyond all such questions, he was universally recognized as a tower of strength against infidelity and materialism

> "Which stood foursquare to all the winds that blew."

To let slip the chance to place such a man in the position of highest honor would have been indeed a blunder. Happily it was not made, nor, indeed, does the danger appear ever to have been serious. Dr. Brooks was elected by a majority of two to one, and by a vote which seems to have represented all parties in the Church.

The man who has a message to deliver, and who forgets himself in the fervor of his embassy, will everywhere be listened to.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

MUSIC, as far as we have advanced at present on the path that leads upward from mere financial well-being, would seem to be the art most congenial to the American soul. In appreciation, if the enthusiastic welcome given to the works of Wagner may be taken as a criterion, we are behind no nation but the Germans; in execution we may point proudly, among many other instances, to Miss Eames, who has this season taken London by storm; and in production, Mr. Reginald De Koven, who has composed three operas of the lighter sort, all of which have met with eminent success—*The Begum*, first produced by the McCaull Company in Philadelphia in 1887; *Don Quixote*, in Boston in 1889; and *Robin Hood*, which, having also first seen the footlights in Boston, has since, under its new name of *Maid Marian*, become immensely popular at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London. Mr. De Koven, who is still a young man to have done so much, is a native of Chicago, but was educated in England, taking his degree at St. John's, Oxford, in 1879—his twentieth year. In appearance he has nothing of the long-haired, melancholy manner peculiar to the inspired musicians of the comic journals or the stage. Though devoted, even at the age of fourteen, to his chosen art, he affects no superiority to the joyous pastimes of humbler mortals, and he and his wife—a daughter of Senator Farwell—are welcome participants in all social revelries from leading a german upward or downward, as individual taste may dictate. His professional education, since he has for love of it made music a profession, began with two years, from 1873 to 1875, at the Stuttgart Conservatoire, and was resumed at the same place for two more years in 1879. After the production of his first opera he studied certain details, in especial the ticklish matter of orchestration, with Mr. Richard Genee for some months, since which time he has been pushing on along his own way to fame.

AMATEUR SPORT

YACHTING IN THIS COUNTRY is at present suffering, as declared in this column last week, from the incidents of a period of transition. All sports necessarily go through such periods, which invariably consist of the gradual elimination of all purely arbitrary or artificial restrictions or limitations not necessary for the preservation of a sportsman-like spirit, before settling down to their ultimate definite shape.

The question as to what will be the future of yachting in America may be answered—in a spirit of prophecy—as follows: Within five years yachting, in my opinion, will be conducted under a system embracing these cardinal points:

A. A permanent board representing all yacht clubs.

B. A general rule of measurement for classification—to remain in operation for a defined period from the time of promulgation.

C. The division of racing boats into (comparatively) numerous classes under such measurement.

D. No time allowance between boats of the same class.

E. Single-gun starts, and the first boat home to win.

WITH THIS DIGEST of what must come, it is the intention to give briefly in the present and succeeding issues my reasons for such belief, and correspondence from those interested in yachting matters is invited on the subject, though space forbids promising to publish all replies in full.

TAKING AS MY TEXT this week proposition "A"—"A permanent board representing all yacht clubs"—it may be said first that suggestions looking in this direction have been made from time to time, and latterly more

numerously, indicating a gradual growth of belief by the yachting community in the utility of an American Yacht Racing Association. Moreover, partial experiments in this direction, lately instituted, have been successful; an example is found in the so-called Corinthian Navy of these waters, with its various Squadrons (*i. e.*, the yacht clubs which compose it). This Association is limited to small boats, and for them it has produced the desirable results of uniform classification, uniform rules, something in the nature of an appellate tribunal, and the encouragement of the sport which arises from its simplification in matters of mere detail.

IT MUST BE APPARENT that it is an advantage for a yachtsman to have but one set of rules, and that a tried and tested one, which shall apply to all the races in which he contends; to have but one system of time allowance (while time allowance remains necessary), and not to meet the same boats in races under the auspices of different clubs on terms which do not vary in each event; to have a larger class of competitors built, to be sailed under the same rules which apply to his own boat; to have each proposition in relation to altering or amending measurement, classification, sailing rules, or other general conditions which affect all yachts, not hastily adopted, to the possible detriment of the boat which he has constructed to meet a former rule, but only if and when they, by a consensus of yachting opinion, are thought essential to the progress of the sport. The excellent working of this system of a National Yacht Racing Association has been exemplified for many years in England, and proved advantageous to the last degree. Neither is the machinery of such an Association cumbersome, nor the detail of carrying it out onerous.

SUCH AN ASSOCIATION might well be formed in this country, to consist of two delegates from each of the twenty or thirty prominent yacht clubs of the Eastern coast. The organization of such a body would be very simple, consisting of the usual officers—President, Secretary, Treasurer and Official Measurers; with standing committees on sailing rules, measurement for classification and classes, complaint, and possibly one or two others. The committees might meet with such frequency as necessary, while the Association, as such, would hardly need more than two general meetings each year—one shortly before the beginning and one shortly after the close of the yachting season. Measurement (and time allowance while it is retained) being the same for all clubs belonging to the Association, the certificate of one of the Official Measurers of the Association, or a certified copy from the files of the Association, would dispose for the entire season, and for all races and all clubs, of the question of the boat's classification and size. At present minor differences of detail as to measurement among our leading yacht clubs raise endless confusion on this point alone. Sailing rules under such proposed system being alike for all clubs, minor differences governing particular races would not have to be borne in mind, and many anomalies—even absurdities, one might say—at present existing amid the mass of sailing regulations, would be eliminated. Classification would be the same for all clubs.

A GLANCE AT THE YACHTING FIELD as it now stands amply demonstrates the advantages of such a result. The New York Yacht Club classifies to-day by water-line length. The Larchmont Yacht Club classifies by corrected length, but the limits of its classes differ from the limits of the classes adopted some four years ago by the Corinthian Yacht Club. The Seawanhaka Yacht Club classifies by water-line length, but for time allowance has a different measurement and a different formula from the New York Yacht Club. The Atlantic Yacht Club classifies by water-line length, except its 25-foot class, which is a 25-rating class, *i. e.*, a corrected length class. In other words, a wild confusion reigns on this subject, with strong indications of a general change to a corrected length classification; but unless brought about to uniformity by means of an association, the measurement of the same boat will differ under the rules of different clubs, and the limits of classes will also thus differ, making it an expensive and hazardous experiment for a racing man to build a boat to-day, as it may be useless lumber on his hands next week.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE proposition "B," stated above—a "general rule of measurement for classification"—will be handled, together with such views or correspondence on proposition "A" as may reach us in time for publication.

THE PRINCETON BASE-BALL TEAM gave several good opportunities last week for studying the play of the men when not on edge. I shall have nothing more to say to Captain Dana on the subject of a substitute catcher. I saw Brown last Wednesday catch all three of Princeton's pitchers, and he was a revelation. He is so close to Brokaw's work that it takes very keen perception to distinguish between them. His throwing to base puts Brokaw on the defensive. Spooner, who has only lately been seen outside of Princeton, is putting up good ball, and is a promising player. Knickerbocker cannot field his position, but his batting is very good. King is strong on thrown balls, but does not throw well himself. Young is giving perceptible evidence that he is acquiring too great an opinion of the base-ball ability of Lawrence Young, and is not so promising as he would be if his head retained its normal proportions. You have a great deal of work cut out for you, my boy—more than you imagine; don't run away with the idea that the season is over and the championship won. Drake has a good curve, but is wild. Bergen is the most hopeful of the lot, and I expect to see him come up into championship form.

WHILE THERE APPEARS TO BE no dearth of first-class base-ball material at Princeton, the Yale nine, on the other hand, is meeting with a series of disappointments that are rather discouraging. Huntington, who was batting so well, and promised to be the strong hitter of the nine, did only what had been feared when he strained a tendon in his leg last week. This is the recurrence of an old injury received in tennis, and was perhaps to be expected, though it leaves Captain Calhoun in a still deeper quandary regarding an in-field. Case has been tried at second, and with fair success. This would give Bowers an opportunity of relief, although he has shown great strength, and his pitching is certainly far above expectations. He is an improving man, and a good one. Kedzie is filling third very acceptably, and occasionally makes a brilliant hit. Murphy is a lively short stop, but not sure. He has had considerable praise recently, and I warn him against falling into the usual error of most young players that have done fairly well, and getting the "big head." There are lots of things for you to learn about the game yet, Mr. Murphy, and your team needs your best work this year. McClung is getting into form on first base, and is a far better man than the uncertain Stewart, who has been dropped. Generally speaking, the nine is improving, the present summary being fast base runners, eccentric fielders, and weak batters.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE FACT that the Harvard nine shows brilliant, steady work in one game, and very loose, erratic play in the match immediately following, the men are playing in much better form than that of a week ago. The nine is unquestionably growing stronger with every day's practice. Trafford, 1st b., Hovey, s. s., Hallowell, c. f., and Frothingham, r. f., have been filling their positions very creditably. Dean has partially recovered from his lame arm, though Cook has not yet shown up, and in the mean time Soule and Mason have been filling third. Alvard has also been playing in left field, Dickinson laying off. The choice of men has not yet been made for all the positions, but they have narrowed down to third base and left field, and will probably be decided upon very shortly. In recent games Upton has backed up the pitcher in fine shape, and Bates has shown considerable improvement in keeping control of himself until the last.

THE HARVARD CREW has made no especial change in the past ten days; the same men I gave last week have sat in the boat, though Leyman and Powers have changed places, the former going to 4 and the latter to 2. Steady improvement is being made in the general crew work, though all are slower at the catch than stroke; and the men have yet, of course, many faults. Lack of harmony is especially noticeable, each man rowing more or less on his own responsibility. The swing of the body is bad and the catch is weak, while the arms are jerked into the body. We shall have a good look at the men next week, when we hope to give a smoother account of their work.

YALE IS OUT OF LUCK in having one of the best men in the boat, Hagerman, called away. His father, who has been residing in Colorado for his health, was recently taken quite ill, enough so to send for his son. Of course, should Hagerman *père* die, the son would not be likely to return to college until next term. It is hoped that so serious an event will not occur; but in the mean time the material at Yale is being looked over for a prospective "7." It will not be so easy to fill the seat should the necessity arise. Stanley Morrison is rowing on his class crew, and working very earnestly, with an eye on the varsity. Whether he will be called upon is not known; certainly he has beef enough. Gould is being tried at stroke, and, in accordance with my already expressed views upon Simms, I consider the change a good one so far as the calibre of the two men is concerned. Simms is an excellent oarsman in many respects, but I do not feel he quite fulfils the requirements of a stroke. He is rowing at his old place, 2, and, to his credit be it said, working earnestly. Cook is pleased with his pupil Heffelfinger; that is evident; and small wonder, for he is acquiring better form every day, and the strength he can put into a sweep is worth pounds thirty odd times every minute. There is very little change in the other men from last week. They are doing better, rowing more smoothly, and getting more power in on the catch.

THE HARVARD-YALE-PRINCETON base-ball matter remains in practically the same condition as it was last week—*i. e.*, to all appearances. The fact of the matter is, however, that Harvard is getting a bit uneasy, and beginning to wonder whether it is possible its multifarious committees have finally toyed disastrously with the proverbial last straw. Some very interesting developments will take place in the coming week or ten days, and in the mean time we beseech Yale to stand firm, and Harvard to bring some of its good sense to bear on this question.

THE BERKELEY ATHLETIC CLUB has always given the most interesting games of the early summer season, and those of this year, to be held May 16th, will be no exception to the rule. It is unfortunate that the Yale-Harvard games fall on the same date, as it will prevent the attendance of the athletes from those two colleges. This, after all, has its advantageous side, however. Practically the same spectators that attend the Berkeley games go also to the intercollegiate championships; they will have an opportunity at the former of seeing substantially the teams of Princeton and Columbia, and speculation as to what these will do in competition with the athletes of the two larger universities will add greatly to the interest of the intercollegiate championships on the 30th.

APROPOS OF THE YALE-HARVARD games, the persistency with which the Harvard College papers declare this the beginning or the ending—for it might as well be one as the other—of the dual league, is as amusing as the complacency with which they have twisted the first conception of a dual league. Originally it was to be contests with Yale, to the exclusion of all other colleges. Now we learn from a recent issue of a Harvard paper that "Harvard has no intention of withdrawing from intercollegiate games." Of course she hasn't now. The undergraduates would not permit her to do so. But this is ancient history. This column, weeks ago, when the subject was first touched upon, declared a dual league between Yale and Harvard to the exclusion of other colleges an utter impossibility, and gave the reasons therefor. There will be a regular May-day house-cleaning at Cambridge one of these days, and a few of the college editors and one or two members of the Advisory Committee will be very much "in it."

THE AMATEUR BASE-BALL LEAGUE opens its season next Saturday, but the nines have played several exhibition games, so that some line may be obtained on their early form. The Staten Island Athletic Club has been changed very materially, only four of the old men being retained. Finley, the new catcher, is a promising man, in batting particularly. Kraus, another new player, is capable either as a pitcher or a catcher. Smith, the new first-baseman, is tolerably steady. Brill, who has been seen at short, fields well, but seems weak at the bat. Bohan, the other new man, has not yet distinguished himself in the field, though, to be just, he has had no fielding chances. At the bat he has not made a record. Van Zant and Deppler, of last year's team, started in by batting well; the former likewise showed his old-time vigor in pitching. Moore, in left field, has not yet shown satisfactory form. He may come up later. Rooney is a promising pitcher.

THE ENGLEWOOD FIELD CLUB, in its first game with the New York Athletic Club, played perfect ball for five innings, and then collapsed, notwithstanding which fact, however, the N. Y. A. C. secured but five runs. Gaunt has taken hold just where he left off last year apparently, and is catching a steady game. Westervelt has both curve and speed, as usual, but is inclined to hold a ground-hit ball too long, and then make a circus throw. If he would throw the ball as soon as he gets it, Prosser could recover it and return to base in time for the put-out even if the throw was very wild. As it was, Prosser saved him some errors, but not all. Fourteen men struck out, and two hits were made, but to balance it he gave five men their base on balls, made two wild pitches and three errors.

PROSSER'S FIRST-BASE PLAY was good, but he made one very bad throw to Gaunt. In Duryee's absence, a new man, MacDonald, tried to play second, without success. He will probably do good work in the out-field when Duryee plays second, and his batting is good. The Mowrys were changed about, L. D. playing short stop, and sending his brother, Smith, to third base. As both were new to their positions, it is impossible to criticise their work. Probably the change will be an improvement, for Smith invariably overthrew from short, and L. D. threw too low from third base. Fistler, who played with the New Jersey Athletic Club last year, has been put in left field, and will stay there. His fielding was sharp and clean, and he batted and ran bases with good judgment. Van Orden and M. Coe, both of last year's team, played the other two out-field positions, but had no fielding chances. Van Orden showed up very well at the bat and on the bases.

THE STATEN ISLAND CRICKET CLUB has also shown up many new players: Carr, catcher; De Garmendia, first base; Taintor, left field; and Slocum, short stop—being the only old men. In the club's first game Sharrott pitched, but was batted rather freely. The Wood boys played second and third bases, and had considerable fielding to do. Halsted appeared in the out-field, and will be an emergency man for any position on the team. Carlin, another new man in the out-field, had nothing to do, but he is a promising pitcher for the club. The team batting was abominably weak. The opposing pitcher was Fountain, of last year's Athletics, and they should have pounded him; but one small hit by De Garmendia was the total. James Tyng umpired, which means that he is not yet strong enough to play. When he is, the team will be materially strengthened, for he is probably a swifter amateur pitcher than "Brig" Young, of Princeton, which is saying a great deal.

THE CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB, after keeping very quiet until the last hour, has come out, as they did last year, with a rush. They opened last season in about the same way, but could not hold the pace, and went down as rapidly as they had gone up. They have shown up in better shape, however, this year. There seems to be more substantial evidence of ball-playing. Only two of last year's team—Murphy, catcher; and Ford, out-field—are on the team, which means that the Crescents will play hard to keep from finishing where they did last year.

THE NATIONAL CRICKET ASSOCIATION scheme proposed by Mr. Wharton, an enthusiastic Philadelphia cricketer, promises to be a success. The Western cities have agreed to give their support, while all the East is in favor of it. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore will play for the Eastern championship, and Pittsburgh, Chicago, and Detroit for the Western; the winners of each series meeting to decide the championship. The Central Committee scheme still hangs fire, though it has some strong advocates. This, however, is a purely local matter. The cricket season, from the present outlook, will be one of the busiest on record. We are promised visits from English and Irish amateur teams in the autumn, while long tours through Canada and the West will be features of our own clubs. Among the colleges, the University of Pennsylvania will probably win hands down; her team will be stronger than ever—a fact to be regretted, because it will, to a large extent, lessen the interest in intercollegiate cricket. Both Harvard and Yale are making efforts to put up creditable teams.

THE NAVAL BOARD of the Schuylkill Navy, from which the committee that manages the Cup and People's Regatta held July 4th at Philadelphia is chosen, will at its next meeting consider the feasibility of throwing this event open to the country. Heretofore it has been an invitation regatta, entries being requested only from such clubs as came up to the requirements of this committee. There has been at times a great deal of dissatisfaction expressed by oarsmen over this arrangement, for clubs have been debarred merely because some members had displeased, at one time or another, this august committee. The climax was capped when the entry of the Atalanta crew, of New York, was refused, and that of the Bradfords, of Boston, accepted. What has awakened the committee to the necessity of a change is the fact that since the large athletic clubs have added the aquatic feature these same men who have fallen under the committee's ban, and who, singularly enough, have been in nearly every case excellent oarsmen, drift into athletic clubs so powerful that the Philadelphia committee immediately discovers their eligibility. No committee relishes this sort of thing, hence the proposed change.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

A LESSON FROM CHILI.

THE Chilian insurgents and the supporters of President Balmaceda and his government, fighting together with all the blind fury of the renowned cats of Kilkenny, are incidentally providing other powers with a demonstration, though on a small scale, of some doubtful points in the warfare of the future. Naval experts, in especial, have long been proclaiming that it was impossible to foretell what would be the outcome of a battle at sea in these days of Titantic guns and ponderous floating fortresses. Whether heavy cannon or solid armor-plating would come out victorious, whether a number of smaller and more easily handled weapons would or would not prove in the end more destructive than a few monsters dependent upon delicate and easily disarranged machinery, how far a blockading fleet could influence the result of a contest ashore, are but a few of the questions that have been hotly debated by opposing authorities. Of these the last only, and that but partially, has as yet been set at rest by the present disastrous conflict; but the streets of Pisagua, not long since a fairly flourishing little town, now torn and shattered by shrieking shot and shell, declare plainly enough what terrible injury may be wreaked upon a seaport by a hostile squadron with scarcely any fear of effectual retaliation from the shore. Submarine mining does not seem to have been resorted to in this instance, and may still be considered as on its trial, but there are many men of weight who maintain that its action must always be limited and haphazard, and that no method of purely passive resistance could be relied upon, in case of foreign complications, to insure the city of New York from devastation similar to but far more wide-spread and ruinous than that

BREAKING GROUND FOR THE GRANT MONUMENT.—AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

which has overtaken Pisagua. One fact, however, has been established beyond all disputing—that the locomotive torpedo, the engine of annihilation that fleets through the waters with almost intelligent determination, is a deadly instrument of offence, and that a puny cruiser armed with these products of inhuman ingenuity can demolish the hugest iron-clads, as the stone of David overthrew Goliath. To this country, in the present condition of its navy, the importance of the lesson cannot well be over-estimated, and it is to be hoped that the powers that be will take it carefully to heart, and secure so substantial a protection for the only joints in our harness which an enemy can strike at—our seaboard cities.

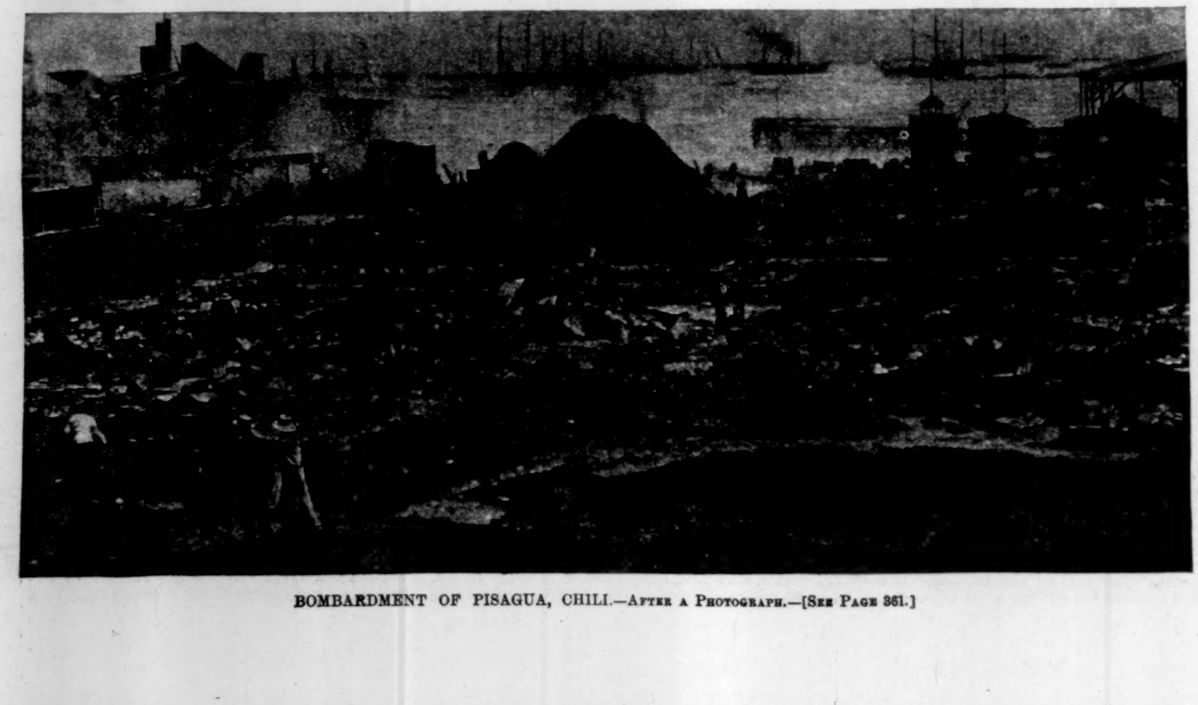
IN MEMORY OF GRANT.

On the afternoon of Monday, April 27th, the thunder of one-and-twenty guns echoed along the cliffs that overhang the Hudson, from the United States steam-ship *Yantic*, moored in the river below, and in this way was announced that, after six years of preliminary preparation and appeal, the first step was about to be taken in the actual construction of an appropriately magnificent token of the unperishable love and gratitude nourished by the American people for the memory of the great man to whom in especial they owe their present unity and prosperity. With excellent appreciation, the day chosen for breaking the ground on which the national monument to General Ulysses S. Grant will stand was the sixty-ninth anniversary of the day on which the hero was born, and, by a series of singular coincidences, the month, as Commander Freeman pointed out in his eloquent oration, is one fraught with reminiscences of that terrible struggle in which he was destined to win eternal glory. In April the fateful cannon-ball was hurled at Fort Sumter; in April occurred the awful carnage of Shiloh; and, above all, in April, at a time when the hearts of the people were gladdened by the prospect of an immediate and lasting peace, the man who through good and ill report had striven to honorably attain it fell by the hand of a cowardly assassin.

Henceforth this gloomy list of associations will be relieved by one of brighter import—the day on which, all rivalries and animosities being laid aside, the nation at large, the wearers of the gray in line with the boys in blue, the South hand in hand with the North—united to do honor to the man who earned fame for them both in winning it for himself, and through whom in after-years the citizens of the entire world paid homage to their courage and virtue in paying it to his.

The ceremonies observed on the occasion were characterized by a straightforward simplicity eminently suitable to the nature of the man they celebrated. In the presence of veterans of the Grand Army—surrounding the tomb in which repose the ashes of the famous General—of many distinguished officers, members of Congress and the Legislature, officials of the State and city, and prominent private citizens from all parts of the Union, the short but impressive programme was carried out with military directness. First, three hundred children from the Sheltering Arms institution marched past the tomb to the inspiring strains of a drum and fife band playing "America," and each, in passing, cast down a posy of forget-me-nots in tribute to the man of whose skill and courage they are the innocent heirs. An overture by the Marine Band was followed by prayer offered by the Rev. Dr. Clark Wright, chaplain to Commander Freeman's staff. The commander himself next briefly introduced General Porter, the orator of the day, who spoke eloquently and heartily in praise of the dead General. Having referred with discreet adulation to his unbounded energy and talents, he concluded by saying: "If there be one word which describes better than any other the predominating characteristic of his nature, that word is 'loyalty.' He was loyal to his friends, loyal to his family, loyal to his country, loyal to his God." The singing of the "Star-spangled Banner" then led up to the object of the gathering. Commander Freeman, carrying a silver-mounted spade bearing an inscription relating the principal incidents of the famous General's career, stepped solemnly forward, and after a touching peroration drove the spade into the turf, and carefully deposited its contents in a box provided for that purpose. The laying of the corner-stone under the supervision of John H. Duncan, the designer of the mausoleum, ended the proceedings.

The completion of the structure will now be carried forward as rapidly as possible, but the funds at the disposal of the committee are as yet far from sufficient. It is to be hoped, however, that the people will not allow a public recognition of worth so well begun to languish for such a cause, and that the money for the stately building projected will be forth-coming long before it can be pressingly needed.



BOMBARDMENT OF PISAGUA, CHILI.—AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 361.]

LEMON-COLORED PEOPLE,

If they belong to the Caucasian race, have jaundiced livers. But when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is used the bile seeks its natural channel, and the skin resumes a healthy tint. Nausea, sick headaches, fur upon the tongue, constipation, and pain in the region of the liver also disappear when it is used. Malaria, kidney troubles, rheumatism, and dyspepsia succumb to the Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

MERIT THE TEST.

Secretary Tracy recently struck the key-note for public approval when he declared merit as the only test to be employed hereafter in connection with naval employment. The same principle of merit applies in other ways. For instance, recently one of the highest officials of the Government of the United States, being delighted with a sample sent him by a relative, ordered to be sent to his residence in Washington, for his private use, 1000 of our Brand of "Pick-Me-Up" Cheroots. Their high merit led to their preference. These Cheroots are appreciated by all who know a good smoke when they get it. They combine purity, excellence, and economy, are size of cigars, and sold retail in packages of 5 for 10 cents.

The *Western Tobacco Journal* says: "They are far superior to hundreds of brands of 5-cent cigars, and connoisseurs prefer them to many of the higher priced. They are handsome, and made of the finest stock that can be bought, and are a free and aromatic smoke." Free from all noxious flavorings, and made entirely of old, ripe, mild, natural Leaf Tobacco. If not found at local dealers', send 25 cents in postage stamps, with name and address in full, and 10 "Pick-Me-Ups" will be sent free to any part of the United States. Our name, brand, and address on every package. In boxes of 250 each for retailers, who can order from any wholesale house. Manufacturers, Thomas Gracey & Co., 16th and Franklin Sts., Richmond, Va.—Reference: State Bank, Richmond.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

No buffet should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the South American appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

The Crown Lavender Salts.—The delight of two continents; best cure for headache.—[*Adv.*]

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THE HORSE—FROM RANCH TO MARKET.

BY L. T. CHAPMAN.

WHEN, in the early dawn of American history, the Spaniards, under Cortez, made a little pilgrimage into Mexico, and incidentally frightened a big native army half out of its wits just by appearing on horseback, it is said there was not, except these Spanish horses, one single specimen of the horse in all the country. No one of the natives, from peasant to king, had seen or even heard of one; and so it was when the Spanish general and his little band of horsemen charged down on them that they fled, thinking that some stray gods had come to earth. Cortez and his soldiers went back to Spain after a little, taking with them, so it is said, quite a number of specimens of the gold and silver work of the country. They left their horses, for there was hardly room in their ships for both specimens and horses, and they preferred the specimens. So first came the horse to the West. Where, in that day, there was no horse, not in the Mexican Empire alone, but in the whole country, to-day there are hundreds and thousands of the finest horses in the world; and in the United States it is estimated that there are, of all kinds, more than a dozen millions of them.

When horses were first intelligently bred in America cannot, of course, be known, but assuming that no breeding of any account was done until the last century, the statement of the Spaniard Vallejo that between the years 1830 and 1840 in the far western country more than twelve thousand horses were killed to make room for better and more useful stock is certainly interesting. To confine ourselves strictly to the breeding of the horse in the West on the prairies, we have to do at first with the Spanish horse. This was of the stock that Cortez brought over, and from all accounts was a lean, moderately strong animal, usually kind, of weight about twelve or thirteen hundred pounds, and capable of "enduring long journeys"—in short, a very excellent animal for general use. This horse would have sufficed well for the uses of those who owned and bred him, except for the fact that in the course of time, without any importation of improved stock, the race degenerated, ultimately to become what we now know as mustangs and Indian ponies. The first improvement of these horses was attempted in California and Oregon, and in Oregon particularly. The attempt was remarkably successful, owing to the high class of the stallions imported. This improved stock, known as "Oregon stock," corresponds very closely to the celebrated Morgan stock of New England.

While the breeding of horses was going on vigorously in the East, no attempt of account was made to breed horses on a large scale in the West, utilizing the prairies for the purpose, until about the year 1880. Hundreds, indeed almost thousands, of attempts to breed cattle had been made, and were very often successful except in the Northwest. Here, on the northern ranges, everything would go on well until the snow came, and the cattle throve. But with the snow came invariably death and disease, so that when summer had come again and an account of stock was taken, the round-up would find that the mortality was so great that invariably the year's business would show a heavy loss. So, having conclusively proved to themselves that the Northwest was no place in which to breed cattle, these ranchmen sold them all and bought horses. A good many wise souls there were at this time who argued that horse-breeding on the prairies was just as certain to prove a failure as the breeding of cattle. The spring following the first severe winter proved not only that these croakers were entirely wrong, but the wisdom of the ranchmen, for the horses that they bought and bred were of a breed and kind well calculated by constitution to endure hardships to which others would certainly succumb, and snow and cold were as nothing to them. No breed of horses in America was in greater need of improvement than that used for draught purposes; no class was more useful, no one more constantly needed. The times were changed, and a light, twelve-hundred-pound horse could no longer draw the heavy loads that the hurry of the present generation needed drawn. So the breeders went over to France and England, and finally found the breed they wanted in a little corner of Normandy. They bought liberally, these pioneers of the horse ranches, and brought back with them the best that France could offer. So began the breeding of draught-horses in the blizzard country. There was a great need to relieve, and these men set out to relieve it. Their country was one where the winters were frequently of the greatest severity, and where all the winter through the snow fell thick and fast. It was a wild, almost unbroken country—the home of the Indian; miles away from civilization. And here it was that the experiment was tried, and where success has already been gained.

The ablest judges of draught-horses will tell you that the finest specimens of this class are now to be found in the United States; and yet not more than twelve years ago it would have been difficult to find more than a few scattered specimens of the Percheron or Clive or Clydesdale in the whole country. So much has been accomplished by American energy. Of the three breeds—Percheron, Clive, and Clydesdale—the first-named seems to have early proved the favorite with the breeders of the Northwest, and with but one or two exceptions it is the only draught-horse breed to be found there.* It would be difficult to say why in the beginning the Percheron was chosen, but at the present time no Northwestern horse-breeder† would have any other to cross with his American mares.

The Percheron district in France is but a very small place when compared with what may be called the horse district of the Northwest; but with very rich and fertile soil, and with liberal aid from the government, it succeeded, during the period of time between 1800 and 1850 in developing, by many and judicious crosses, what is perhaps the finest draught-horse breed in the world. And this horse is said to improve under the climatic conditions of the Northwest.

When, a few years ago, the Americans began to make large purchases, the French government took a hand in the business. It sent its agents to the farm of every breeder to examine the horses, to criticise, and to offer rewards for a certain standard. Besides all this, it encourages the frequent holding of the horse-fairs, and had its agents there, too, to offer, in its name, liberal prizes. In many cases these fairs were held by the government itself; and so wise did all this supervision prove in still greater improvement of the breed that it has been continued to the present day.

The greatest difficulty that the American breeder had to contend with in the beginning was the passage across the ocean, and that trouble still remains; but when it is considered that now, of all the importations, less than one per cent. is lost, it will be seen that it is not very great. The greatest care, however, must be taken: each horse must have his or her attendant,* and, above all, no draught must come near. The journey from the steam-ship pier by rail to the far West is, of course, in this day of horse palace cars of little moment. A week after the animal is at his ranch home he or she, as the case may be, is as frisky as a kitten, and as well and as much at home as possible.

A horse ranch in the West may be of any size over two or three thousand acres as its owner may wish. Of the more prominent, that of the Little Missouri Horse Company, with its fifteen thousand acres, is the largest, but its annual output in young horses is nearly if not quite equalled by one other. There are on almost all of these ranches, large stables or barns with box-stalls and other equine comforts, but these are more often used in cases of sickness than at any other time. All the stock is allowed to range freely over the immense acreage of the ranches both winter and summer. The weather is often very severe and the snow deep, but the horses invariably do well, paw away the snow if it becomes necessary, and are always fat and hearty in the spring. At the most convenient place on this huge farm is located the home or, as it is called, the head-quarter ranch. This is fenced off and divided into pasture, garden, paddocks, and corrals. In the case of the Little Missouri Horse Company, there is also a breaking ranch, so-called, eight miles to the north on the Little Missouri River; and here, where the youngsters are taught that life is real and earnest, are long feeding sheds, and more corrals and enclosures, and another huge stable. On the home ranch the most primitive and insignificant of all the buildings is a house, usually one story high, and often built of logs. This is where the ranchmen sleep and eat. The owner of the whole affair may be a millionaire in some far-off Eastern city, dwelling in a palace; but as sure as he comes to visit his ranch, so sure is it that he will seek slumber at night in this same primitive log house, wrapped in a blanket, with his cowboys and herders about him. Before writing of the horse proper in his daily life on one of these huge Western ranches, a word should be said of the working force. This usually consists of a dozen or more men. If the owner is not in charge of his business himself, he employs a competent horseman to act as manager. This man directs all the local affairs of the ranch as far as direction is needed or necessary, has charge of all things, and is, in brief, the responsible head. Then there is that most important individual, the cook, and the rest of the company are the cowboy herders upon whom the hard work of the breeding business really devolves. The "working" day at the ranch is from sunrise until sunset.

Of the draught-horses bred on the ranches of the Dakotas and the other northern ranges there are three distinct classes: First, the full-blooded registered Percheron stock, bred from the highest class of imported sires and dams; second,† a class of heavy draught-horses weighing from eighteen hundred to twenty-two and even twenty-five hundred pounds, bred from full-blooded Percheron sires and high-grade Norman or

* First chosen because of their strength and activity, being fully equal to the Clydesdale and other large breeds in the former capability, while greatly their superior in speed.

† For the market for heavy horses.

* One attendant to every five or six horses would be nearer the mark.

† Clydesdales outweigh Percherons, and a Clydesdale over twenty-one hundred pounds is a rarity. Should say that the weight of Class 2 is exaggerated. Eighteen hundred to two thousand would be nearer the mark.

IMPORTED PERCHERON.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY INGERSOLL, ST. PAUL.

Percheron mares; third, a lighter class of horses, bred from full-blooded Percheron sires and Oregon mares, whose weight is about eleven hundred pounds. Of the first class, the full-blooded stock of Percherons, the sires and dams have been, as has been shown, imported direct from the Percheron district of France. The stallions cost from fifteen hundred to three thousand dollars, the mares somewhat less. This is the original cost, and does not include the cost of transportation from France to America, which is a very considerable item. The second class are to all intents and purposes full-bloods, and no connoisseur could by any chance tell them from the full-bloods. They sometimes weigh even more than the full-bloods, have the same kind disposition, and, if possible, even more strength. The breeders of these classes of horses will often insist that experience has proved to them that the grade horse, the produce of half-blood mares and full-blood stallions, is very frequently from his size—which in this instance seems to give him greater pulling strength—as well as from his disposition of more practical every-day use than the full-blood. This is, however, a theory like the one which is held by not a few that with Jersey cows the grade Jersey is a better every-day cow than the full-blood. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that the horse best adapted to the general draught service is the horse that is the result of two crosses, and sometimes even three, of the full-blood with the grade. I mean by general draught service, all service where a horse weighing over two thousand pounds is entirely unnecessary. Thus is it that the Northwestern horse-breeders pay more attention really to the production of this class than to the others, for here is where the big profit of the business is to come from. If, as is said to be the case, each of this *second class* of horses represents a value at the selling age from cash outlay alone of a hundred dollars, then certainly, with the strong demands in the markets of the East, and with prices ranging at those markets from three hundred to six hundred dollars, there is inducement enough to the breeders to breed this class alone. The third class produces either a light draught-horse or an excellent coach-horse or saddle-horse; what might perhaps be termed, strictly speaking, the family horse, good for either riding or driving or for light work. These half-bloods are bred, however, for one purpose really, and that is for light-draught work. Thus of the three classes the one that is most in demand is the second class, and that least in demand, the first class.

Although hardly having anything whatever to do with draught-horses, there is one other class of horses bred on the ranch farms of the prairies—the so-called polo pony. On the farm in South Dakota that I am most familiar with are a large number of these sturdy beasts; in this case bred from an especially well-selected lot of "blocky" Indian pony mares that were taken when Sitting-Bull surrendered some years ago in the Canadian Northwest. These mares, almost perfect in their way, came from the famous warrior's band of war ponies. These mares at this particular farm are crossed with a thorough-bred racing stallion, and produce a pony horse that in most cases unites all the endurance and sturdy qualities of the Indian pony with the speed of the thorough-bred. This class, too, furnishes the common cow-ponies that the herders use when too great size makes them unfit for polo and uses of similar kind. There are several small ranches in the West where only these polo ponies are bred; and that there is a very considerable profit in raising this class of stock for market can readily be seen from the fact that it is said that the ranches devoted exclusively to them are almost invariably financially successful. The breed is considered very easy to raise, and the Indian pony mares are excellent and safe breeders. The progeny are noted particularly for their strength of limb, for their docility, and for their astonishing quickness when trained. These little fellows often bring prices very much higher than some of the big colts that have grown up almost by their side in the same nursery.

The three classes of draught-horses and the polo-pony class constitute the family of the horse ranchman. He rarely has either time or inclination for any other stock, and beyond a half-dozen cows and a few farm animals and the necessary poultry, there is no other. All the time of the men employed at the ranch is taken up with the care of the horses. If there is any time of the year when their work is easier than at any other, it is in midwinter, but there never is an easy time.

Before writing of the methods and ways of the breeding ranch something should be said of the cowboys who, acting as herders, as trainers, in fact, literally as school-masters, make the business a success. Where the cowboy comes from is a mystery. He is often of Mexican origin, and more than half Indian. He is a democrat always; he lives under the flag of a republic, and knows it. He recognizes no social superior in any man; but, on the other hand, to those he considers his inferiors, as the Indian or negro, no aristocrat of aristocrats could be haughtier. He is brave to fool-hardiness, and will take chances of his life that it would seem none but a crazy man would. He takes no manner of care of his health. When a long way from the camp or ranch, he sleeps where night finds him on the open prairie, with only the stars for light. He bathes when he has time, and eats and drinks anything he can get, and all he can get. He can be depended upon to do his work well, be it at camp or when driving in a big bunch of horses from the ranges to the ranch. He is strong as an ox, has an unbounded love for gay trappings, and is generally gay and free from care. His chief characteristic is a profound contempt for the denizen of the East, whom he calls a tenderfoot. The cowboy might not shine on Fifth Avenue, but he is found just the proper person for the ranch, and he is withal a very picturesque, very useful, and very natural man. The wages paid him are small, and are usually expended as the first opportunity presents itself. He thinks not of the morrow. He is a creature of to-day. He is the same cowboy that Mark Twain knew, and he is no different when driving the beeves in Kansas or the bunch of horses on the prairies of Dakota and the Northwest.

He who would undertake the breeding of horses on the large prairie ranches, to accomplish anything and make of the venture a financial success, must have two special qualifications—patience and a long purse. Of course there is need for other qualities too—for energy and for pluck, and for a good deal of shrewdness as well—but when everything is outlay for the first four or five years of the ranch's existence; when, during all these years, not one penny of income can be expected, there is strong need for money, and there is strong need for patience. To begin at the beginning, let us take the purchase of the land or its lease. Then comes the building of barns and sheds and fences, the division of the home acre into the necessary pasture lots and paddocks, and when all is ready, and the smoke is curling up the chimney of the log house, the horses that are to be the mothers of the family in the third and pony class are purchased and shipped, and the most perfect Percherons that the little-great Percheron district of Normandy can furnish are bought and hoisted in great box-stalls from the land to the deck of some swift ship, and they too are sent out to the prairies, both full-blood and grade, to do their share to make the American draught-horse the finest in the world. As fast as the horses have arrived at the ranch they are branded with their owner's private mark, separated into groups of about fifty, each composed entirely of mares, and each with one stallion, and turned loose on the prairie to roam as it pleases them, free from halter and guiding rein, often many miles away from man. When the drove—with each it is the same—gets off some distance from the home ranch there is always a halt and a rubbing of noses, and now it is that the stallion, with much preliminary noise and fuss, goes to the front and takes command. His is a leadership not by election, but by right of birth and of sex, and that leadership is never questioned save when by some rare chance two droves or bunches of horses come together, when there is a battle royal between the two leaders for supremacy. To the victor belongs the spoils, and the conqueror takes all the mares, while the defeated tramps mournfully in the rear, head down, torn, bleeding, and entirely wretched.

Just a word, in passing, about these encounters, by which occasionally, fortunately very rarely, valuable stallions are lost or permanently disabled. The herds, roaming over so large a space, rarely encounter one another. When they do, the mares evince only the smallest possible amount of curiosity, but join and graze. Different is it with the stallions. With but a moment's preparation, they rush wildly at one another like mad bulls, neighing in what seems the mockery of a neigh, and with head in air and tail curving proudly, they rush and plunge and rear, kicking and biting, stamping one on the other until the ground and horses are covered with blood, and exhaustion of one forces a surrender and retreat. As I have said, the fickle mares march off with the conqueror at their head, while the defeated lags wearily behind. One of the most terrible battles that probably ever took place between ranch stallions occurred near the home ranch of the Little Missouri Horse Farm in the spring of 1888, at the time when the several bunches or droves of horses were being driven in from the ranges for an account of stock and for the branding of the young colts. It happened by the merest chance that three droves came in together with the stallions leading. Naturally the three joined, and at once arose the question of leadership. This could only be settled by a battle, and before the herders could begin to form any plan for separating them, the three stallions were engaged in fiercest battle. As described by those who saw it, this battle was so savage and so bloody that it seemed certain that at least one of the combatants must be killed. It lasted a little more than twenty minutes, and when the "smoke of battle" drifted away and the fight was done, a big gray Percheron called Napoleon was seen to be the victor, and he it was that, with uplifted head and proudly curved tail, led the company of mares and colts to the pastures, while the two defeated ones marched together like whipped curs, dejectedly in the rear. In this instance, although the fight was an unusually desperate one, and all three horses were badly cut and torn, none of the three suffered more than temporary discomfort.

When the bunches of horses are made and turned loose to roam on the prairies, great care must perforce be exercised to prevent any accidental mixture. The full-blood mares, with their selected leader, must not by any chance mix with their less aristocratic sisters, for where so much depends on certain "lines of breeding" there must be no misalliance, or the slightest chance of one. Each of the breeders breeds on certain lines, so called, and the old questions of in-breeding or out-crossing bother and perplex him just as much as they do the cattle-men. With the breeders of the Northwest, and particularly with those of the Dakotas, a famous Percheron stallion, the winner of innumerable prizes and premiums both in France and in the United States, named Brilliant (1271), owned by a Mr. Dunham, of Oakland, California, is called and universally considered the best living specimen. Nearly every stallion and many mares on the Dakota breeding farms trace in pedigree either directly or remotely to him. When the breeding season is over, and the mares are safely in foal, the fathers of the flock are relieved of their charges, and driven by the herders back to the home ranch. This usually is done about the 1st of January. These stallions are kept in box-stalls until the winter is over and spring is come, and the bunches of mares given in charge of a few less valuable stallions in order that the herds may during the cold weather be kept well together, and that it may not be difficult to round them up in the spring.

As soon as the home ranch feels the first breath of summer, and the new grass is seen to be sprouting, the manager gives the order for what is called, in the parlance of the prairies, the grand round-up. This is a time of great excitement at the ranch, and now is when the herders have their hardest work. Each man, as he leaves the ranch, goes prepared to be gone, if necessary, a number of weeks, and very often is. The round-up is always accompanied by a mess wagon containing an ample supply of provisions, and each man who can returns from his search during the day to the mess wagon for his share of the "grub" at nightfall. It is not by any means always that the herder succeeds in getting back to the wagon. Night frequently overtakes him many miles away, and then he either makes his solitary meal of hard biscuit and jerked beef, or goes to sleep supperless, with the prairie for his bed. The round-up frequently finds bunches of horses as much as fifty miles from camp. These wanderers are always the Indian mares, with their leader and embryo polo-pony progeny. The draught-horses very rarely go far away, seemingly preferring comparative nearness to the home ranch. The round-up is a surrounding of the numerous bunches of horses, and a gradual diminishing of the broken circle until the home ranch is reached, when the entire herd is run through short and narrow chutes into the several corrals and pastures. At this time a very careful "account of stock" is taken, and while this is being done the entire herd is kept in the pastures. Now is where the excitement part of the breeding business comes in for both stallions and mares. The stallions call to their families, and the mothers to their colts, and there is a hurrying and skurrying and much plunging about and kicking of heels in air and neighing. The picture for the artist is when the entire herd is let out of the pastures, and goes out on the range to feed during the day, under the care of the herders. At this time the herders must exercise the greatest care lest injury should come to any animal.

The breeding season is the time when all the patience and ability of the ranch-man or his agent must be displayed. The greatest care must be exercised in order that just the exact right qualities of "bone and block"* may be mated. "Bone and block" is the great desideratum of the breeder of draught-horses, and beyond a certain point, and to a certain point, the more "bone and block," the higher price will the draught-horse fetch in the Eastern market. Both stallions and mares have been selected more for those qualities than for any other. Other things, as with the breeding of all horses, must be considered also, such as color and height and temper—a thousand and one things—and one man must settle all this. When this question of union is settled, the breeding begins, and this is differently arranged for the full-bloods, and the half-bloods, grades, and polo ponies. The full-bloods, for whom a register must be kept, are bred entirely "on the halter," as horses would be bred in the East, being confined to the pastures, as a whole, for a period of from ninety to one hundred days. When the breeding season is over, this herd, if it be on one of the large ranches, is divided into bunches of from forty to fifty mares, each bunch with a stallion, and then once more turned loose on the range. As I have hitherto said, the greatest care is taken in the breeding of these full-bloods, and this is the reason why, probably, that American ranch-breeders have been so universally successful; although these breeders would all very likely agree that the immense ranges as well as the pure air of the Northwestern prairie-land had done its part. With all the horses not full-bloods, the method of breeding is entirely different. At the end of the round-up, after an account of stock has been taken, the young stock and the geldings are turned loose on the range together. Then the grade mares are divided into bunches of forty or fifty, and each bunch with its stallion goes out on range, as happy to get away from their brief confinement in the pastures and paddocks as school-boys when they are let out of school for vacation. Just a word for the stallion. No one who has not seen him in his natural state can form any idea of the pride he displays, when, free from all the conventionalities of city life, and hardly recognizing the superiority of man, untrammelled by bit or bridle, he stalks with stately stride, as haughty a monarch as any potentate of the East, in the van of his family, their natural protector and leader. No stallion who has charge of a bunch of mares is ever anywhere but before them, unless sent to the rear by the fortunes of war. Nor was he ever known to forsake his family when danger threatened, although, believing discretion the better part of valor, he very frequently leads them in flight.

When the bunches of horses are first turned loose the stallion, however, is not their only protector. A herder always goes with each bunch to locate it in a quiet spot where there is plenty of grass and water, and each night the stallion is returned to serfdom and led into his box-stall, until he has cultivated the affections of his family to a sufficient degree to be intrusted with their care. When the herder is satisfied that the master is in control, he goes back to the ranch, and leaves the herd or bunch to its own devices. Then it is that the stallion takes entire charge, definitely assuming the leadership. From that time on it is distinctly impressed on each mare that he is chief, and none in that bunch ever disputes his authority. He ever watches his herd as sharply as does Inspector Byrnes the criminal; he leads it to water, and finds the feeding-grounds where the grass is best; he sees that there are no laggards or deserters when they leave the watering-places, and, in brief, assumes the most complete control. Could any scene be finer? Could any be found more worthy the pencil of a Bonheur than this that the ranch-man so often sees—a stallion standing at the very summit of one of the conical buttes,* with head high in air and nostrils distended, with mane and tail blown by the wind, the monarch of the scene, and aware of it, while grouped about picturesquely on the slopes of the butte or at its foot are his family, mares and colts, the mares grazing eagerly, and the colts frisking about, taken up with themselves?

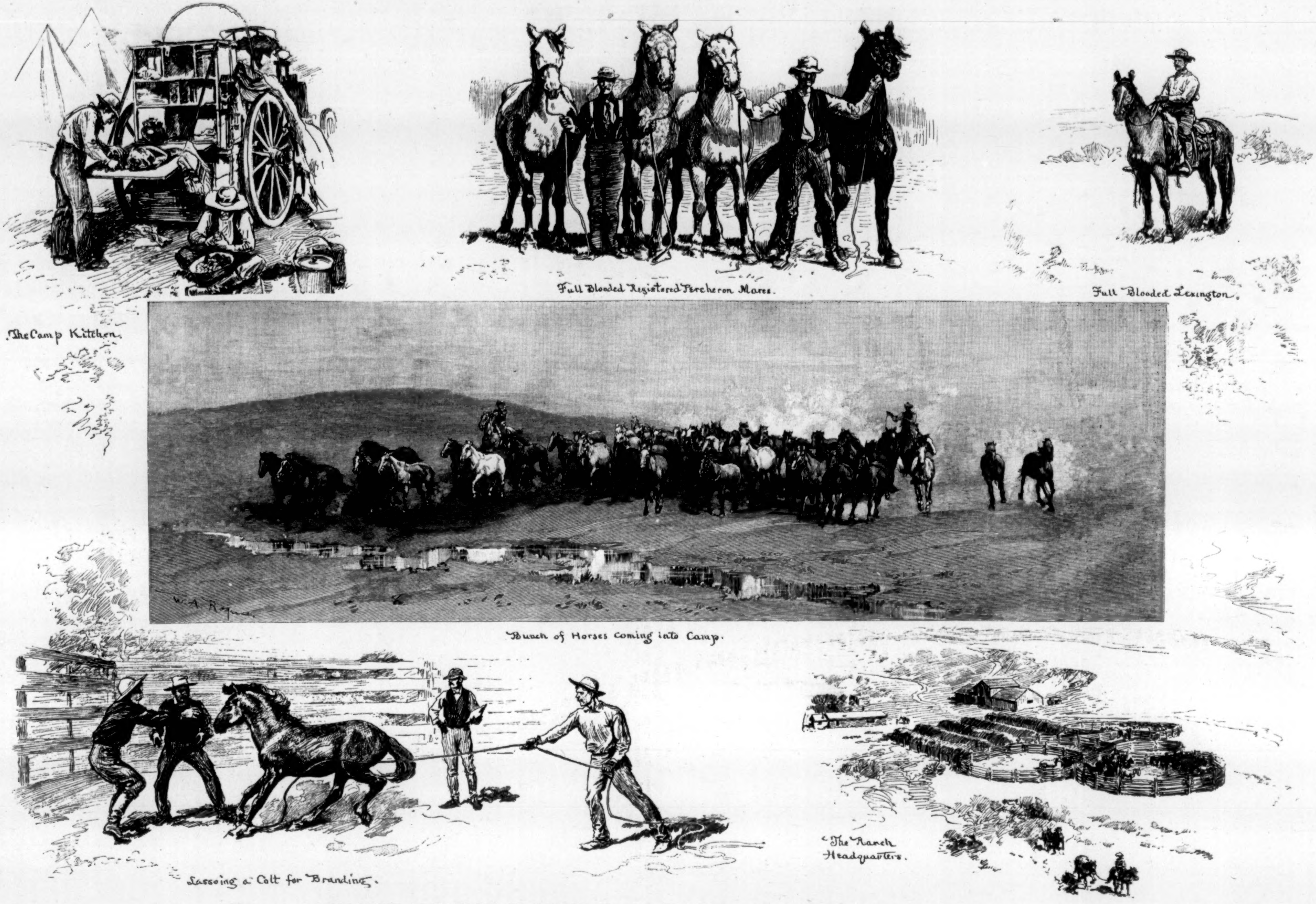
It is deemed of importance to the successful breeding of horses on the prairies that the home ranch be kept continually informed as to the general well-being of the horses out on the range, and so each day the herders go out from camp and "ride the range," reporting in detail, on their return, all they have found out—such and such a herd or bunch has been seen, and there are so many foals; this mare was looking badly, or that one was missing; and so on. All this, while seemingly of little moment, keeps the home ranch in touch with the details of the business.

From the time for the first round-up in the spring, the entire herd ranges freely over the prairie until September. Then is the time of the second round-up, and this time the herd is rounded up in detail, and the colts branded. This branding process is very interesting, particularly to the tenderfoot who sees it for the first time. The victim is, by dint of arduous effort and many expletives on the part of the cowboys, after many attempts and failures, gotten into a pen by himself; a rope or lasso is then thrown around his forelegs, and with a cowboy hanging on to his neck, he is at length brought to the ground. Now if he is a grade horse, and not a full-blood, he is branded with a red-hot branding-iron on the left shoulder with the private mark of the ranch. If his blood is pure, the brand is placed just far enough under his mane to be out of sight, and he has also to submit to the further mutilation of having his register number imprinted on his skin just under the other brand. After the colt is branded, he is returned, a much-frightened animal, to his anxious mamma, and his place is taken by victim number two, and so on. As fast as each of the colts is branded, in the case of the full-bloods, a record is taken, in a book kept for that purpose, of the register number, so that no mistake can thereafter ever occur. While apparently a very cruel and unnecessary process, it is in reality not. The iron is heated so hot that the actual pain is neither great nor lasting, and on the prairies, where the animals of other breeders might get mixed in with a herd, the brand is the one and only mark of ownership. It would, in fact, be impossible to turn herds of horses loose on the prairies without some such mark.

Sometimes during the long winter evenings the cowboy herders will tell marvellous stories about funny or in some cases tragic incidents that have happened because of this custom of branding. One of the favorite stock stories with which every tenderfoot who ever visits the ranch is regaled is that one about the Englishman who made up his mind to go into the business of breeding horses somewhere in the West—no matter where—and who fell in with a man at the hotel at which he was stopping in New York who had been in the business all his life, and knew all about it. After several talks, the Englishman decided to follow the advice of his quondam friend, and finally completed the purchase of a ranch belonging to a bankrupt cattle-man at some place in North Dakota. This part of the business completed, there remained the selection and purchasing of the broodmares and stallions. By this time the horseman had become so necessary to the Englishman that he begged him to go West and

* Bone and block signify the highest requisites of the draught-horse. The broader and flatter the bones of the legs, and the more compactly built the draught-horse is, the more valuable he becomes.

* Buttes in the West are detached hills or ridges which rise abruptly, intermediate in height between hills and mountains.



THE HORSE—FROM RANCH TO MARKET.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers, after Photographs by Ingersoll, St. Paul.